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An Address on the Life and Character of the Rev. Joseph H. Eaton L. L. D. Late President of Union University.

Delivered on the 28th of June 1859, at Murfreesboro', Tenn.,

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Solemn and impressive is this occasion, and mournful the event which has brought us together. A great and good man has fallen. And we are here to pay tribute of praise to his name, and commemorate the manifold virtues which beautified and adorned his character during a life most honorable, and eminently successful. Since the last commencement of this institution of learning, the hand of the destroyer has removed from the path of usefulness, the Rev. Joseph H. Eaton, late the President of Union University. Months have passed away since he was called from the walks of men; yet the meeting together of the friends of this University, and the absence of one whom all admired and loved, and delighted to greet and honor, call up associations and recollections which impart to this occasion all the effects of a sudden and unexpected bereavement. The first impression made by the announcement of his death is now fresh in the mind, and unassuaged the sorrow which filled every heart. All who knew him are ready to hang the willow over his bier, and unite their voices in a mournful requiem for the departed. But gratitude for the kindness of a friend as well as reverence for a great and good man, now makes it most appropriate that this people with whom he lived should withdraw for a time from the pursuits of life and devote an hour to the memory of one who was bound to them by so many personal and official ties.

Joseph H. Eaton was indeed an extraordinary man, and transcended in thought and action the beaten path of ordinary opinion, thereby becoming a legitimate object of interest and inquiry. And in this tribute

of respect to his memory, it will be proper to give something of his history for the encouragement of youths of ardent souls and energetic minds, that they, stimulated by his example may gaze upward and move onward in the pathway of hope and honorable ambition, sure that a life full of exhibitions of an exalted mind, and of devotion to principles of honor and morality, will be rewarded in a land where the road to distinction is open alike to the high and the low,—the rich and the poor. We will therefore direct your attention first to his life, and then to those features in his character which endeared him to his countrymen, and will endear to them his memory now that he is gone.

He was born on the 10th day of September 1812, in Delaware, State of Ohio; and was the youngest of twelve children. At ten years old he lost his father, who was a man of considerable influence, and for many years a member of the Ohio Legislature. Being thus left in childhood without the counsel and protecting care of a father, his early education devolved entirely on his mother, whose only means of support for herself and a dependent family, was a small farm on which she then resided which was all that remained of a large estate once possessed by her husband, but lost by an unfortunate speculation. This was to her a trying situation; yet she did not repine. She rose superior to the misfortune, and applied herself diligently to relieve the wants and supply the demands of her children. The great responsibility which now rested upon her as the

head of the family, instead of overpowering and crushing her, only called into action the latent energy of her nature, and presented a wider field in which she might display the strong common practical sense with which she was so liberally endowed. With the feeling of a true mother she devoted her life to the good of her offspring in preparing them to become useful members of society, and before her death she had the satisfaction of seeing them all well settled except the one whose death we now so much lament. Joseph was of studious habits and learned to read at an early age. He manifested the greatest fondness for reading even in childhood and at the age of twelve years had read all the books in his mother's library and all that he could obtain in the neighborhood. So great was his love for reading and thirst after knowledge, that he then determined that he would read all the books that had ever been published. But for many years after this he was not permitted to indulge in his favorite pursuits without interruption. Other interests demanded his attention, and the limited means of his mother made it necessary that he should give part of his time to the labors of the farm. Accordingly, influenced by great love for his mother, he labored as he could, not however without a struggle, and engaged in agricultural pursuits. But even while thus engaged, he would always spend his leisure hours in reading, and so soon as the summer had ended, would most gladly enter the district school and prosecute his studies during the winter.

In this way he lived, working on the farm during the summer and going to school during the winter until he was sixteen years old. He had by this time mastered all the studies usually taught in the common school, and his mother was desirous that he should enjoy better advantages for education than their retired neighborhood afforded. And now came the struggle—the mother and son were devotedly attached to each other. —He would often leave his associates, whose society he was so well calculated to enjoy, and remain with his mother, that he might cheer her in the hours of her loneliness. She doated on him, and looked to him as the joy and hope of her declining years. She had parted with all the rest of her children and could she now let Joseph go? It was a conflict of feeling which can be known only to a mother's heart;—a conflict between her love for the society of a darling son and a sense of duty towards that son in preparing him for the trials of life. But her sense of duty finally prevailed, and it was determined that he should go. She said to him, "I am old, Joseph, and have but a few years at most to stay here; it matters but little about me. You are young, the world is before you, and I want you to prepare yourself to act well your part in life, after I have gone to my rest. You must go, my son, and try to make a man of yourself who will not disgrace the honored name of your father." Thus spoke the noble mother to the worthy son, and her words sunk deep into his heart, leaving an impression there which was never effaced. In after

years, when speaking of his mother, whose memory he cherished with the tenderest regard, he would often allude to this incident and with tears in his eyes, repeat her touching words. He always acknowledged the influence which she exerted over him for good; and confessed "that he was more indebted to her than to any other human being, for any capabilities for usefulness that he might possess." He was indeed under the greatest obligations to her, and with unusual filial love and reverence did he repay them, and wherever the name of the son is known, there let the name of the noble mother be remembered too. In pursuance to the arrangements made, Joseph at the age of sixteen, left home and entered Worthington Academy twelve miles distant. There he prosecuted his studies during the winter seasons of the three following years, with all the energy and diligence of application which characterized him in after life, his great aim being, not simply to pass over the different branches of study included in the course, but to comprehend and thoroughly understand them—to master them, and make them his own. During the spring and summer of these years he remained at home and labored on the farm to provide means to pay his board and tuition during the winter; and so anxious was he to assist his mother in her worthy efforts to educate him, that he even denied himself the pleasures of the playtime and holiday sports and devoted all his spare time out of school hours to labor, that he might contribute his earnings towards defraying the ex-

penses incurred on his account. In 1831 he entered Georgetown College, Kentucky, and spent a part of the three succeeding years in that institution;—the rest of the time being devoted to teaching. For although he had received some little aid from his elder brothers after he entered College yet he was mainly dependent on his own exertions for the means necessary to complete his studies. In 1834 he left Kentucky and entered Madison University, at Hamilton, New York; and in that institution completed his literary and scientific education. While there he was distinguished for the force and depth of his intellect, his thorough scholarship, and his decided preference for those studies which are most profound and practical. He graduated with honor on the twelfth day of August 1837, giving rich promise of his future career;—and in after life did not disappoint the bright hopes and sanguine expectations of fond relatives and admiring friends. Soon after graduation, he came to Tennessee and taught school for a few months in the vicinity of Nashville, after which he took charge of the Male Academy at Fayetteville, Tennessee, and there continued his labor successfully until 1840.

On the 3rd day of September, 1840, he married the woman of his early choice, Miss E. M. Treadwell, of New York, who is well and favorably known to all for her high literary attainments, her moral and intellectual endowments, and her many social virtues. He returned to Tennessee in 1841, and selected this flourishing city as the field of his la-

bors. Here he engaged in the pursuit of his profession as teacher, and was ever solicitous to awaken this people to a sense of the true value and importance of a thorough and solid education. Feeling that the prosperity of every country depended on the enlightenment of its people, he at once threw his whole influence upon the side of education, at a time too when it was by no means as popular as at the present day; and desired to see good schools built up throughout the length and breadth of his adopted State. It was his special desire to see built up here in your midst a permanent institution of learning of such a character as would prove it worthy the confidence of its patrons—challenge the respect and win the admiration of all lovers of learning in the land. In order to accomplish this praiseworthy object, he entered most heartily into the work, and labored with a zeal and earnestness that knew no relaxation of efforts. He taxed the powers of mighty intellect, and brought into requisition the energies of his warm and ardent nature. So successful were his efforts that in a short time young men came flocking in from the surrounding country and from a distance, that they might enjoy the benefits and advantages of his instructions. Soon the school increased to such a size that he required assistance in the discharge of his duties as teacher; and in the course of a few years the interests of education had so far advanced that the common academy was too small for the crowd of students, and accommodations were had in one of the church build-

ings of this place. About this time a charter was granted to this school under the name of Union University, giving it corporate powers and all the immunities and privileges usually enjoyed by institutions of a similar character. When the faculty was constituted Joseph H. Eaton was chosen President and continued to occupy that place up to the time of his death. This honor was justly and rightly conferred, for the University is the immediate result of his labors. He devoted his time and talents to its upbuilding, and labored for its success, a part of the time, without receiving any salary. In the hour of its adversity, his arm sustained it, and it is indebted to him more than to any other man for the prosperity which has attended it. His appointment to the President's chair gave universal satisfaction, so great was the confidence the people had in his ability, integrity, and fitness for the station. Most worthily too did he wear his honors, and faithfully discharge the various duties pertaining to the position. He ever made it a rule to be punctual at his post, and to do this often endured fatigues and hardships from which a man of less nerve and energy than himself might well have shrunk. But while he was a teacher of worldly wisdom, he was also a teacher of the way of eternal life. At the age of seventeen he professed faith in Christ, and was received into a Baptist church in Ohio. Soon after coming to Tennessee he joined the Baptist church at Nashville, and lived a pious and most exemplary christian life. Having a heart full of love towards

Christ and sympathy for his fellow-men, he yearned to proclaim the insearchable riches of the Gospel to a dying world. Accordingly he applied to the church at Nashville with which his membership still remained for permission to preach, and was licensed in February 1842. The following year, on the tenth of September he was ordained and set apart as a regular minister of the Gospel. At this time the Baptist church at this place was constituted and elected him as their pastor. He accepted the call in January 1844, and continued to fill the pulpit for a considerable time, only resigning the pastorate when he found that the labors of pastor and president were too great a tax upon his physical strength. After his resignation as pastor of the church here, he still continued to preach, having monthly appointments at many of the neighboring churches, until in the fall of 1858, when his health began to decline. He did not even then give up the work, until exhausted nature could no longer endure. In November 1858 he was prostrated by disease and lingered on for two months. During the most of the time he was a great sufferer yet he was cheerful and enjoyed the society of his friends. He was forgetful of himself, and interested for others even to the last. In the closing scene of life he leaned with humble trust upon the merits of his Savior, and prepared for his approaching departure with as much composure as any act of his life. He said

"it was far better for him to be absent from the body and present with the Lord: though if it had been God's will he would have preferred to live long enough to see the University placed upon a permanent pecuniary basis; and see his children educated and able to provide for themselves, then he would have felt that his life work was accomplished." He often spoke of the kindness shown him by the students during his illness, and one of the last connected sentences he attempted to utter was the expression of his desire that they might all be saved. Early in January 1859, it was but too evident that he was rapidly sinking and must soon pass away. In vain did relatives and friends surround him with tender care. In vain did the people offer up their prayers to Heaven for his recovery. A voice had been heard calling him away; and he must obey; and on the 12th day of January 1859, at 2 o'clock in the evening he fell asleep as sweetly as an infant in the arms of its mother. "As his breathing ceased the expression of pain passed away, and a beautiful smile overspread his features as if angels had met him on the threshold of eternity." Thus closed the life of a worthy man, who had spent himself in doing good, leaving behind a widowed companion, three orphan children, and a large circle of relatives and friends to mourn their irreparable loss. His career was one triumphant march through life, in which his step did not falter in attaining that elevated position which he so much adorned.

Having given a sketch of his life,

it now remains to notice the chief elements of his character in the different points of view in which it has been presented. His was not a cold and impassive character, shedding light without imparting any heat, but its friendly influence fell with genial warmth on all who moved within the circle of his acquaintance, and excited within their breasts feelings responsive to his own noble aspirations. His character was positive and decided, and led him to have a fixed purpose in life. Towards the accomplishment of this purpose he moved steadily on in his course, availing himself of all honorable means which might assist him in his progress, but never for a moment suffering himself to be led astray by wild, imaginary, and speculative notions of good which have so often destroyed the usefulness of many men, who in point of natural endowments and intellectual attainments were well calculated to do much towards ameliorating the condition of the human family. He was a man of action, and being possessed of an ardent nature, he entered with his whole soul into whatever work he undertook, and advocated with zeal whatever cause he espoused. With great versatility of talent he united untiring energy and persevering industry, and sustained by these he struggled on with an unfaltering spirit against the difficulties which he had to encounter from the beginning up to the close of his career. His hopes were buoyant, and though ill success might sometimes attend his efforts, looking over and beyond the obstacles lying in his

course, and beholding the sunshine brightening the pathway ahead, he would take courage and with renewed vigor press on to the end in view. He knew no such word as *fail*, and in his exertions would never give up. He was possessed of extraordinary intellectual powers, which were strengthened and increased by a thorough course of mental discipline—no one of which powers far exceeded the rest in strength, but all were equally well developed and presented the most perfect harmony between all the faculties of a mind well regulated by a sound judgment. As a scholar he may justly be ranked among the eminent, and was distinguished for the facility with which he could grasp the great leading truths of science and make them his own. He was a profound scholar, and owing to his liberal and comprehensive views, he always preferred the fundamental principles in every department of knowledge to the more minute details. He had a mind well stored with useful and valuable information, and was noted for the ease with which he could draw from his rich treasures, incidents, by which to illustrate the affairs of every day life. He was not without merit too as a writer, and was known for his clear, concise, and forcible style, the beauty and originality of his conceptions, and the happy manner of his delivery. As a teacher he was truly distinguished and was most efficient and successful. In him were found all the mental qualifications necessary to fit him for so responsible a station, and in the qualities of the heart he had no su-

perior. By kindness and gentleness he would at once win the student into his confidence, after which it was an easy matter to lead him in the ways of knowledge. He imparted his instruction in a manner so admirable as to make it a pleasure instead of an irksome task to follow the path that leads to the hill of science. He retained through life a vivid recollection of his own early struggles in the pursuit of knowledge and sympathized most heartily with all who were laboring to acquire the same. He watched with all the interest of a fond parent the efforts of those who received his teachings, and witnessed the growth and expansion of their minds with feelings of joyous exultation and honest pride.

To reprove his students was ever a painful duty, but when necessary he did it in such a way as to seem the reprovèd instead of the reprover and by the reproof never failed to draw the offender nearer to himself and bind him with cords of love. To the weary student he was ever ready to speak words of encouragement and revive his drooping spirits; and through life manifested the liveliest interest in the welfare of poor and worthy young men who desired an education but owing to their poverty were unable to obtain it. Such he would often search out from different portions of the country and give them instructions free of charge, holding out to them every inducement to persevere. When discouraged and almost ready to give up in despair he would like some good ministering spirit, point them to the bright examples of those illustrious men

who under the most adverse circumstances rose from the humblest walks in life to the highest and most honorable position within the reach of men; and would bid them follow their examples and emulate their virtues. The students all loved and honored him as a father, and were ever solicitous that their conduct might be such as not to wound his feelings or forfeit his good will. He had great reputation as a speaker and was distinguished not only for the knowledge and information embodied in his discourses, but also for the admirable arrangement of his thoughts and the earnest and persuasive manner of his delivery. He shed new light upon whatever subject he discussed, and the most common topic under the magical influence of his powers seemed to be clothed with increased interest and importance. He always presented his subject in the most striking view of which it was susceptible, and treated it in a style corresponding in dignity to the elevation of the theme. His chief aim was to enlighten and convince and his reasoning was close and logical but often relieved and adorned by figures strikingly beautiful and illustrative of the points it was his desire to establish. And when fully aroused by the importance of the occasion, he would pour forth thought after thought with such rapidity of succession and brilliancy of imagination as to enchain the attention of the delighted listener and bear him on irresistibly to the desired conclusion, as if inspiration instilled soul-moving pathos into the burning flame and reposeless flow of

his own sweeping eloquence. Many of his addresses were never published, but will long be remembered for the happy effect they had upon the hearts of those whose fortune it was to hear them; and his published addresses will ever be admired as specimens of bold and vigorous thought, close and logical reasoning, and lofty flights of a vivid and lively imagination. As a minister of the Gospel, he was deeply impressed with the value of immortal souls and the importance of performing well the work of the Redeemer; and while he looked to Him for aid and assistance, he did not leave unemployed the natural talents with which he was endowed, but used them with diligence that he might render a good account on the coming of his Lord. He always selected subjects well adapted to the spiritual wants of his hearers and prepared his sermons with the utmost care. He was meek and humble; yet he was ambitious. He was ambitious—not of power—not of glory—not of fame—not of attaining some lofty position there to rest, the object of the admiration and applause of men. No.—His ambition led him to nobler ends. He was ambitious of accomplishing some good for his fellow-men—ambitious of doing and suffering the will of God. He was wholly unlike those ministers of the Gospel, who apparently forgetful of their Savior's cause, are ever striving to show forth the greatness of the man and struggling after power and their own personal aggrandizement. He, as a Herald of the Cross, hid himself behind that Cross and standing upon the walls

of Zion, faithfully proclaimed to a dying world, Jesus, and Him crucified; and few men were more successful than he in winning souls back to Christ. Whether in the pulpit or out of it, he never ceased to preach Jesus for his whole life was a beautiful and powerful illustration of the truth of the religion he professed; and in death he showed there was a sweet consolation in the promises of the Gospel which he had preached. But it was not alone in the capacity of a public man that he excelled and was justly entitled to respect. It was in the social and private relations of life that he appeared in the most beautiful light and exhibited the crowning virtues of a great and good man. While he commanded our admiration by his great talents, he won our love by the goodness of his heart. He was unobtrusive, retiring and gentle in his manners, and possessed of a childlike simplicity and openness of heart which seemed to invite all who approached him into his immediate presence and inspire them with unbounded confidence. He could lay aside the man, and become as a little child, and as a little child enter into childish sports without losing any of that high esteem and respect with which children always regarded him. He was without ostentation and never by any act seemed to challenge attention. He could move with ease and grace amongst his inferiors without showing that he felt his superiority; while amongst his equals he manifested that respect to others which is characteristic of the good and noble. He was generous and knew not how to be

selfish;—he lived not for himself, but for others, and his happiness consisted in making others happy. He was possessed too of great benevolence and seldom failed to contribute of his own means to relieve the poor and needy; and oftentimes the recipient of his bounty knew not the hand that bestowed the kindness. With these he combined refined feelings, delicate sensibilities and tender sympathies which threw around him a charm of character which men seldom possess. In the more intimate and tender relations of life he was all that affection could claim or friendship desire. He was a dutiful son, good husband, kind father, and steadfast friend. In whatever light we view his life and character, we find a lesson for instruction and an example worthy of imitation. In him we find a most powerful intellect combined with the greatest excellencies of character; and more beautiful still, we find all these combined with a noble and generous heart, washed and purified by the blood of Christ and made subservient to the will of God. But that heart is now cold and pulseless. In the quiet shades near by the walls of his own loved institution, and in full view of his once happy home, his manly form lies in the silent grave. We shall no more behold the sweetness of his smile. But oh! tell us not that he is *dead*; for such as he can never die! He still lives, and will live enshrined in the hearts of his countrymen. In every valley throughout the south and west are found the homes of thousands in whose hearts he will live so long as the memory of their

youth is fresh and green. His influence has been deeply and widely felt and will be felt by generations yet to come. In the intellectual world he will shine as a "bright particular star;" while in the great moral world his pure light will shine forth as a brilliant sun, shedding light upon the pathway of those who desire to live in the practice of virtue and the performance of noble deeds. He himself needs no monument to perpetuate his name, for from good deeds

he has built for himself a monument more lasting than the pyramids. But let the marble shaft, white and spotless, mark the place where his friends have laid him, that posterity may know that we appreciated him when living and deeply mourned him in death. And may that monument call to mind his pure life to all who pass it by; that they may learn from him, the young how to live, and the aged how to die.

ORIGINAL.

"Let me Kiss Him For His Mother"

Let me kiss him for his mother,
And the speaker's head was bowed,
As she passed with tottering footsteps
Through the closely gathering crowd,
To the place where he was lying
In the coffin and the shroud.

From his home he long had wandered
And in paths beyond the sea,
He had come to kiss that mother
Who had held him on her knee;
But the mother waited vainly
Saying nightly "Where is he?"

Almost home, among the wood-lands,
Where in childhood he had played,
Almost home, beside the river
Where his wayward feet had strayed,
By the hands of heedless strangers,
In the coffin he was laid.

And the aged pitying stranger,
As she bent above him there,
Kissed him for his own dear mother
With a silent tear and prayer;
Blessed deed, and was there ever
On this earth a scene so fair.

"Let me kiss him for his mother"
So the aged stranger said,
And she stooped and kissed him fondly
Dropping tears above the dead,
Oh! we thank thee heavenly Father
That her feet were thither led.

MATILDA.

Living Within the Means.

'That is by no means a candid conclusion,' said Jane, assuming her sentimental air; 'on the contrary, when we see a person richly dressed, it is but just to suppose they are wealthy.'

'It would be so, if every thing was governed by justice and right reason, and we were not continually drawing false inferences from appearances. You know, Mrs. Hart said she was very glad Martha had found friends "*able and willing to assist her*;" perhaps she thought *we* were very rich.'

'O, I am sure she could not,' said Jane, with some vexation, 'if she looked at my old straw bonnet and calico gown.'

'Well, dear,' replied Frank, affectionately, 'I suppose she did not; she only looked at your bright blue eyes, and saw you feeding the hungry.'

In a few days, things wore a more comfortable appearance at Martha's. The lady's bounty was well applied. Fuel and food were provided; but still the children were too destitute of clothing to attend any of the schools. Jane's plan, that we have before alluded to, was fast approaching maturity. She determined to solicit aid for clothing the children; but a feeling of delicacy led her to delay it, in hopes she might be able to give a respectable sum herself. In the mean time, Dr. Fulton pursued his

course with persevering industry. Martha's return from what her own class styled *death's door*, gave him celebrity with them; but a new case, more convincing, soon occurred. He was called to a man who was dying. He hastened to the place, and found the two frequent companions of the poor,—superstition and ignorance. The sick man was stretched on his bed of straw, his family huddled round him, groaning, sobbing and crying aloud, the room crowded by people drawn there from idle curiosity;—for, strange as it may seem, there are those, who, as much as they dread the agonies of death for themselves, are eager to witness them in others. The doctor's first care was to clear and ventilate the room, and then to administer such restoratives as he thought judicious. The consequence was, that the man began to draw a longer breath, and, in the course of a few days, was spoken of as cured by Dr. Fulton, after every body had given him over!

Frank had now no want of employment from the poor; but, by degrees, those who could afford to pay began to apply; and at length a carriage, but little inferior in elegance to Mrs. Hart's, stopped at his lodgings. Jane's heart fluttered as she heard Mr. Harrington's name announced, for she knew he was one of the wealthiest of the city. His

visit was that of a *hypocondriac*, who, after trying various physicians and various systems, had heard of the fame of Dr. Fulton, of his wonderful success, and came hoping to get aid for himself.

Perhaps there never was a fairer chance for quackery; but Dr. Fulton, to do him justice, had no tact for such little arts. He frankly told him that his restoration depended much more on himself than on a physician, suggested modes of exercise, of diet, cheerful society, and relaxation from business and care; and when the gentleman insisted on the doctor's success in curing desperate cases, he assured him, that his most powerful agents among the poor had been what they could command without his aid,—temperance and cleanliness. Mr. Harrington was struck with the doctor's honesty and good sense, and felt moved by the apparent poverty of his and his young wife's situation. At parting he did not confine himself to a regular fee, but said, "As you practice *gratis* for the poor, it is but just that the rich should pay you double." He requested Frank to visit him daily; and this he continued to do; and, as he had leisure to make long calls and engage him in cheerful conversation, Mr. Harrington rapidly improved under the best of all systems for a *hypocondriac*.

Thus far we have followed our young couple in their struggle for a *living*. Not a debt, hitherto, had been incurred and besides *time* and *medicines*, they had always found something to give. But as the *irpecuniary* prospect brightens, our walks must

enlarge. Dr. Fulton was daily working his way into the more enlightened orders of society. His day-book and ledger began to be necessary, and the gentle-hearted Jane was no longer obliged to beg a pittance for the poor.

We must now make an excursion to another part of the city, for our friends boarded at what is called the *North End*. In a splendid apartment ornamented with mirrors and girandoles, whose diamond cut-drops reflected the colors of the rainbow, hung round with paintings and curtained with damask, in an elegant morning dress, on a cushioned divan, sat Mrs. Hart. Twice she rang the bell, and twice a footman made his appearance.

'Have not the shawls come yet?' both times she inquired.

'No, madam.'

'Are you sure you made no mistake?',

'Yes, madam.'

'Give me my cologne bottle; not that, the procelain;' and she poured the perfume over her handkerchief. 'So provoking!'

At that moment, a man was ushered into the room, with a box under his arm. The footman was ordered out, and the treasures of the box displayed. There were camel-hair shawls of different prices, from one hundred to three hundred dollars. The first were thrown scornfully aside. One for two hundred was elegant. It was, however, too dear; she could not afford it,—but she must have some kind of a shawl;—she was *suffering* for one. The man assured

her she never would repent taking one of them, and she began to think so herself. At length, she decided to keep the one for two hundred, if there was no hurry for payment. 'Not the least,' the man assured her; 'but perhaps she had better look at another he had.' Another was displayed; but the cost of it was three hundred dollars. 'It was elegant,—it was superb,' but it was wholly out of her power to buy it; 'and yet, really, the one she had selected looked positively ordinary by the side of it;' and she cast a glance of indignation towards the two hundred dollar shawl. The man urged the merits of the three hundred dollar one, and at length threw it over her shoulders. It hung gracefully to the hem of her garment. She surveyed herself before, turned, and, with her head over shoulder, surveyed herself behind; she wrapped it round, and she flung it open; she disposed it over one arm in folds. This last effect was irresistible,—it was truly Grecian drapery,—it decided the matter. 'Very well,' said she, 'the shawl is mine.' I must have one; and I suppose, in the end, this will be as cheap as any.'

At that moment, Mrs. Fulton was announced. The man was hurried out, and the shawl thrown gracefully over the arm of the sofa.

'My dear Mrs. Fulton,' said the lady, 'I have been expecting you to call and see me; I remember your promise.'

Jane was delighted with her reception, and proceeded at once to mention her plan. It was to get up a subscription to supply clothing as well

as schooling for a certain number of poor children, including Martha's.

'I thought Martha was able to work by this time,' said the lady.

'She is still very feeble, and can barely procure food for herself and children. I thought perhaps you would approve of my plan. I would not set it a going till I was able to contribute my part by money, as well as time. My husband has been successful beyond his expectations, and I have now a feeling of independence in asking.'

'How benevolent you are, my dear Mrs. Fulton! Would to heaven I had the means of being equally so! but my time is wholly engrossed, and the claims on my purse are constant. Perhaps none are so heavily taxed as the rich, or have less right to be called affluent. I declare to you, said she, drawing forth her elegant crimson silk purse, and holding it suspended on her jeweled finger, 'I cannot command a farthing; you see how empty it is. But I approve your plan. perhaps you will be so kind as to advance the same sum for me that you pay for yourself. We will settle it when we next meet.'

Jane cheerfully assented, and took her leave, and Mrs. Hart with her three hundred dollar shawl, became the debtor of Jane.

'How strange it is,' said Mrs. Fulton, as she related the circumstance to her husband, 'that, in the midst of such luxury, she had not five dollars to give in charity, for that was all I wanted!'

'You do not understand this thing, my poor Jane,' said Frank, smiling; 'it seems to you incredible that Mrs.

Hart can be poor. I will demonstrate the matter to you. You admit that *we* are rich now, compared to what we were two months ago. We have our next quarter's rent secure,—are able to buy books, and have something left to give away. But if I were to make expensive purchases that would consume nearly all we have accumulated, and you took it in your head you would have a pelisse as costly as Mrs. Hart's, then you would be as poor as she was to-day, and could not afford to give any thing away, instead of becoming her creditor.'

'According to your definition,' said Jane, 'those who live within their means are the only wealthy people.'

'They certainly are to all purposes of present comfort; and so you must be thankful that you have married a man who has found out the philosopher's stone.'

'Better than that,' said Jane; 'who has the art of being rich with a *very little* money.'

The next day Jane went to see Mrs. Barber, and proposed to her her plan of clothing the children, and providing a school for them. The woman expressed her gratitude, and Jane thought it but just to mention her benefactors. When she named Mrs. Hart among them, Mrs. Barber said, 'Indeed, madam, I do not ask her to give me any thing, if she will only pay me what is justly my due.' Jane now learned, with astonishment, that the poor woman had washed in her kitchen, for nearly a year, without being able to obtain payment.

'It was for that, madam, I sent to entreat her to come and see me, hoping she might be moved by my distress; and she did, you know, pay me a small sum. I have credited her for that; but it is a small part of what she owes me.'

'I hope,' said Jane, after a long pause, in which her countenance discovered the workings of her mind, 'I hope there are few such instances as this.'

'I never met with such a one, not exactly,' added she hesitatingly; 'but, indeed, madam, the rich little consider how important our wages for a day's work are to us. It would be bad manners in us to insist upon being paid immediately and yet many's the time when I have depended upon one day's wages for my children's food for the next.'

'It must be such a trifle to the rich, that if you only let them know you are going away they will pay you.'

'It is because it is such a trifle to them, I suppose,' said the woman, 'that they cannot understand how important it is to us. Some how or other, rich ladies never have anything they call *change*, and they are very apt to say, "they will remember it," and "another time will do as well;" and so it is as well for them, but not for us.'

Mrs. Barber's heart seemed to be quite opened by Jane's sympathy, and she went on.

'Indeed, ma'am, I sometimes think there is more kindness towards the poor than there is justice. The ladies are very good in getting up societies and fairs to help us; but they very often seem unwilling to

pay us the full price of our labor. If they would *pay* us well, and *give* us less, it would be better for us.'

'Perhaps you are right,' said Jane, 'about paying for work, but only think how much good has been done by fairs!'

'Yes, ma'am; good has been done to some, and injury to others. I know of a poor woman who was born a lady, and who was reduced in her circumstances. Her health was very feeble, but still she was able to earn a living by making those curious little things that sell at fairs; but since the ladies have taken to making them, it is hard times with her; for she says the market is over-run.'

'The right way,' said Jane 'would be to employ these people to work for others, and instead of the ladies making pin-cushions and emery-bags to buy them ready made, and sell them again. Then charity would operate equally among the poor; for what one class could not make, another could, and labor would be exchanged.'

'I don't know how it ought to be settled. Perhaps it is all right as it is; but we poor folks think we have our wrongs. For instance, ma'am, I sometimes do washing for people at boarding-houses. They will appoint me to come about 9 o'clock in the morning, to get their clothes. When I go, very likely they are not up. Then I must wait till they are, — sometimes an hour or more. All this is lost time to me; and time, to daily laborers, is money. My husband was a carpenter; and he

used to say, that he gave the rich a great deal more than he got from them, for he gave them *time*. One fine lady and another would send for him, and ask him if he could not put a shelf up here, or make a closet there; and after he had measured and calculated, perhaps they would come to the conclusion not to have any thing done, and he had his trouble for his pains.'

'All the wrongs you have mentioned,' said Jane, 'seem to arise from want of consideration, not want of benevolence.'

'That's pretty much what I said, ma'am at first,—that now-a-days there was more kindness to the poor than justice. If I was paid for all the time I have wasted in waiting upon the rich, sometimes for *clothes*, sometimes for *pay*,—for I often have to go two or three times before I can find a lady at home,—I should be better off than I am now. To be sure, it is but small sums that are due to us; but my husband used to say these ought to be paid right away, because they don't go upon interest like larger ones.'

'You seem to have thought a good deal on this subject,' said Jane.

'I take it,' said Mrs. Barber, 'that we must all *think*; at least, I never saw the time when I could drive thoughts out of my head, though I am sure, when you first took me up, it was sad enough to think; and if it had not been for my poor children, I should have been glad enough to have laid down in the cold grave and thought no more in this world.'

'How true was your remark,' said Jane, when she related the poor

woman's conversation to her husband, 'that if Mrs. Hart spent so much upon her pelisse, she probably had little to give away! I am sure I never shall see a very costly dress again that I shall not think of poor Martha.'

'You must not think all the wealthy are like Mrs. Hart, Jane. I believe such instances, in our city, at least, are rare, and that few ladies would suffer a debt like this to go unpaid, and in the mean time give ostentatiously. At the same time, it illustrates the inordinate indulgence of luxury, which seldom fails, I believe, to harden the heart and make people selfish. But I dare say, any body that looked in upon us, reasoning so sagely upon the evils of wealth, would apply to us the fable of the fox and the grapes.'

'I should like, however,' said Jane, 'to be rich *once*, if it was only to show others how much good riches might do.'

'Luckily,' said Frank, 'you would not be the first to illustrate this subject; we have had noble examples of munificence in our city. At present, Jane, it is wisest to turn our study towards seeing how much good we can do with a little.'

Dr. Fulton's business increased with his reputation, and his reputation with his business. At the end of a year, he felt authorized to rent a small house, and begin house-keeping. Their arrangements were as economical as possible; and, on this occasion, uncle Joshua, who was first consulted, very kindly gave them more money than advice.

Now, indeed, our young couple

felt happy. There is something in *home* that gives dignity to life. The man, who can say *my home* and *my family*, possesses the strongest influence that can operate on character.

It was a cold evening in December that they took possession of their little tenement. The first flight of snow was just beginning to fall, and the dark clouds were separated from the horizon by a pale streak of blue, watery light; but within the little parlor, all was bright and cheerful. The fire sent its flickering beams throughout the apartment, enlivening the books and furniture, and resting on the cheerful faces of the young couple, now radiant with happiness.

'What do we want more?' said Jane, as they seated themselves at the tea-table. 'All the world could not make us happier than we are now.'

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

For the Aurora.

Chords and Cording.

"I wish you to take great pains to learn your last lesson well" said a Music Teacher to her pupil, "particularly the Major Chords."

"O dear! the chords, I am afraid I can't find them" said the pupil.

I find 'em for oo, said wee Ida and away she went to the sewing room, where she quickly gathered a handful of bits of cording and ran back shouting, "I dot em, here they is."

A merry laugh succeeded—while poor little Ida looked at the ladies then at the Major Chords and wondered at the sensation they produced.

J. N. PAGE.

Love makes drudgery delightful. It forgets self, and lives for others. Love outruns law, and leaves it far behind.—Not to be able and permitted to serve is a penalty. The question is not "What must I do?" but "What may I do?" To give pleasure is its joy. To grieve its object is to grieve itself. Love is the secret spring of the believer's life; and this often makes him pass in the world as an enthusiast. It stops at nothing. Mountains of difficulty are no more to it than plains. It clasps the cross and kisses it. Love strengthened Mary when the soldiers quaked with fear. Love kept her hovering round the sepulchre when all the disciples were scattered to their homes. Love has joy of its own, which a stranger cannot understand. It is fed by the unseen spirit of God, whilst reposing on an unseen Saviour. To lose life for him is to gain it. To suffer martyrdom for Jesus is to see him standing at the right hand of God waiting to welcome his servant into glory.

For the Aurora.

Life.

I'm now on the billows,
The waves round me roar,
The dark tempest gathers,
Oh! where is the shore?
The winds mutter hoarsely
Deep, deep is the gloom,
A weary worn mariner,
Where is my home?

"Breast the waves" cries the Saviour
Bide the storms mighty power,
'Tis life's bitter portion,
'Tis life's weary hour.
"A home lies before thee
Thy loved ones are there
I'll guide thee and guard thee,
Thy refuge is prayer."

Joy springs to my bosom,
There's hope mid the gloom,
My home is in heaven,
Blest Saviour, I come.

J. N. PAGE

day, and always have since I was old enough to be responsible to my landlady, but look at me! I haven't a whole suit of clothes in the world, nor a cent of money, only what the boss paid me last Saturday night, minus the price I gave for old "Catch'em's" shirt, and then see how I live. I have no privilege in any part of the house, except this mouse-trap of a chamber, furnished with a bed, the mattress of which is stuffed with bricks stuck endwise,—sheets made of damaged cotton,—can't help tearing them, turning from side to side to avoid being bored through with Mrs. Rock's patent mattress stuffing, and then I always have "a pair of nice sheets to settle" for every Saturday. Then there is a table I have got to pay for next Saturday; I got home rather late last night, for I wanted to put off going to bed as long as I could, and found no light in the house; so I ran plump against the table, (I know one leg was loose but she won't own it,) and over it went—broke my Dutch pipe, upset the inkstand into the pile of dickeys that the wa her-woman left there after I went away, fell against the wash bowl and pitcher, that I had left standing in a chair, and laid them in fragments on the *darned* old carpet, which I suppose something or other will happen to soon if I don't clear out, and she will want me to pay for that and call it bran new.

Such a muss as there was in the house when that table went over! Some thought robbers were in the house; and Tom Hubbard, right across the entry, rushed in in the dark, and, seizing me by the shoul-

ders, was going to throw me out of the window; but I'll bet I made some noise, and then he let go. Some thought I was walking in my sleep, and others that I had lost all respect for Main Law; this last suggestion maddened me, so that I took my boot jack and cleared the room instant; and this morning I propped up the old table, bought a new wash-bowl and pitcher, laid out a half a dollar for patent soap—another humbug! to take out ink; and then, after rubbing all the skin off my knuckles trying to restore those collars to their pristine beauty I threw the whole concern into the back yard, and in a few minutes had the pleasure of seeing a lot of rag pickers making off with an armful of my dickeys and a junk of patent soap; while I must begin the world anew in that line.

Now I suppose if I had a wife, none of these things would have happened; she wouldn't buy damaged cotton for sheets; *she* would have placed the bowl and pitcher back and nailed the table leg strong, and kept a lamp burning till I got home, and all my dickeys would have been in the bureau. I shouldn't have to sit here and swelter in boots, because every pair of slippers I can get is stolen from me by the chambermaid or the washerwoman, or—or somebody, before I have a chance to try them on; and, I suppose, if I had a wife those old maid cousins of mine wouldn't be asking me every Sunday afternoon to take them out to ride, because, as they say, I have "no one to support" but myself and can afford it.

There comes Alfred Goodwin up the street. He has just finished his hard day's work, for which he gets two dollars; and now he is going home to share it with that little, fairy-like bunch of muslin and curls over the way. The little side street that divides us is not more than eight feet wide; so, if I go up another story I can see right into his little reception room, and can hear every word they say; and I am going up. I know it is mean; but old bachelors are accused of everything, so I don't care what I do—I am getting desperate!

There she sits by the window,—making a shirt, as I live! Of course it is for him. She don't do shop work; for this isn't the first time I have had an eye on their affairs. It seems to me she don't look very pleasant, and it is no wonder, for she has to my certain knowledge been at work hard all day, since he went away this morning, and it is only within an hour or two she has dressed herself, so cool and fairy-like, and sat down to that shirt, so I will bet she will be really cross when he comes in. She don't think anybody is looking, so one half the blind is wide open. Poor fellow! he looks as if this life had but few charms for him; his face is all of a glow with heat and toil, and then he has to give away his hard earnings to somebody else. There! he has opened the door. See how she looks up!—now she rises hurriedly with bright arms uplifted; I'll bet she is going to pull his hair, because he don't support her better. Good enough for him—no business to have got mar-

ried. If men will be such fools as to throw away their liberty for pretty faces, why let them take the consequences.

My soul! if she don't throw both of those plump little arms, with nothing but black bead bracelets on, right around his neck, and kiss both of his sunburnt cheeks and say:

“Oh, I am so glad to see you, dear Alfred; and tea is all ready for you. It was so warm, I set the table under the cherry tree by the back door, where it is so shady and green; but first I will bring a bowl of cold water for you to give your face a bath—and you will find your clean linen on the table in our chamber.”

An hour later: O, how fresh and cool he looks now! You wouldn't know him from a Wall street broker, all shaved and combed, and dressed in a fresh suit, and all prepared for him, too by that rosy cheeked fairy that I have seen flying around there almost all day. Well, certainly I thought when Alfred came home to-night that there would be a scene in that little white cottage, that would make me contented all the rest of my life; for it has been an awful hot day, and I knew that he would be tired, and I thought that she would too, and then I expected one would complain to the other—but just look at them! They have been to tea now; and I have been sitting behind this blind ever since that two years old husband hove in sight, and have seen him eating cold ham, white home-made biscuit, straw-berries and cream, and such luxuries as my land-lady never even dreamt of.

Well, now, I earn two dollars a

An Old Bachelor's Soliloquy

BY EMMA CARRA.

Well, well, well! I have been sitting here for the last hour trying to make up my mind whether it is best for me to get married or—or commit suicide? I haven't taken up a newspaper for the past six months that I didn't see the flaming advertisements of Mr. "Catch 'em and co.; and I have said more than once that they would never catch me believing in their long list of good deeds, that they said they had done for the public. Why, I couldn't read a paragraph in a newspaper headed "An accident," "Death," "Marriage," or "News from Europe," that didn't end with "Catch 'em & Co's. advertisement. I thought that "Russia Salve" was bad enough, but all that they said about it was bona fide truth compared with half that. Catch 'em & Co." say.

Well, I have bought shirts at every other establishment in the city; and, if the bundle accidentally unrolled before I got home, it was ten chances to one that the collars or wristbands would drop off; so at last, becoming tired of making shirts after they were basted, I thought I would go slyly to "Catch 'em's some rainy night, when there wouldn't be many in, and buy one of his, that he advertises and "warrants not to rip." Well, I went, and, as I darted from

the flags into the spacious store, I could think of nothing but a human beehive where a new swarm had lately congregated. The clerks were hurrying hither and thither with honeyed words on their lips, so pleasant, and seemingly so sincere that I was inclined to believe them, and I felt really mad with Erastus Snow for calling the whole concern "a humbug," the other evening; but now, since I have got my "warranted" shirt home, and worn it one Sunday, I must say that if I saw their great prince-of-humbugs establishment on fire I would sit and with a perfect relish sing

O, that the springs were dry,
And the waters would cease to flow,
No tears for them I'd cry;
But I'd pray for the wind to BLOW."

Folks talk to me and keep me mad almost all the time, just because I didn't get married when I was young; but now I have got a new idea since I bought this last shirt—which is the climax for all I ever did own before, and that is—I shall say to them, that it is a great deal more honest and manly when you haven't enough to support two in good shape, to remain one, and get an honest living, than it is to get married, and have to resort to all sorts of humbug and advertising tricks so as to get along without help from the city.

Heigho! I believe I should have got married long ago if those old maids had never been born; for I was afraid there were more women in the world like them; but this last shirt I bought, and that domestic scene across the street have made a different man of me. The current of my life must be turned some other way that it may run smoother—rougher it can't be. Sometimes I have a good mind to quit this world altogether, rather than run any more risks; but then, after all, if I should get such a wife as Albert has, it would only be risking an uncertainty of happiness for a certainty in married life;

But I have no money to begin with, except my last week's pay; never mind, I will tell her I have,—lie, cheat, deceive, keep up with the times—honesty is all out of fashion now. I'll go see Kate Lincoln next Sunday evening; she won't have much time the first year to find out about my pecuniary affairs, as it will take her all that time to get my dilapidated wardrobe in the right shape, and then if she leaves me I shall not be so awfully situated as I am now, without a whole garment in my possession, although I spend six hundred a year just to inhabit the same world that other folks do.—Oh! some one knocks at my door; I guess it is Mrs. Rock to announce tea. I hope that old lot of bread is gone, for I think I have done my duty the last week towards trying to dispose of it by tucking slices into my pockets at meal time, in hopes the next that came might prove a little less adamant.

"Good evening Mrs. Rock."

"Good evening, Mr. Nason. I have called at your door to say that I should like to have you vacate this room, as I intend to new furnish it and take a gentleman and his wife to board."

"I was going to give it up," said I, so confused I couldn't think of anything else to say but what was uppermost in my mind, "and get married myself."

"To whom?" questioned she; and before I knew it, "To Kate Lincoln," answered I.

Oh! you ought to have seen her laugh. "Why!" said she, "Kate has been engaged to Ezra Blanchard these six months, and it is they who are coming here to board."

I forgot that she was a woman, so I doubled up both fists determined to wreak my vengeance on somebody, when I heard footsteps on the stairs; I peeped over Mrs. Rock's shoulder and there were my two old maid cousins.

"How d'ye do, Robert?" said the meanest looking one; "I have come to see if you won't take us to the theatre to-night,—there is going to be——"

"No, I won't," said I; and slammed to the door with such force that down came the looking glass in I don't know how many pieces, and in my consternation and rage, I didn't see where I was going, and I backed right square against that old table that I propped up in the morning.

Oh! such a pickle as everything was in! I thought I would give

one spring out upon the stones below,
 and end all my troubles at once
 But as I got to the window and
 peeped through the blind, there sat
 Albert talking and laughing in the
 soft twilight, with that little partner
 of his on his knee.—I wish I could
 think his happiness *wasn't* real—
 that would be some comfort.

There are the landlady and those
 two old maids, out in the entry
 calling me all kind of names but
 the right one, Mrs. Rock telling
 how much I have destroyed, when
 she makes money on everything I
 demolish. And as for those old
 maids I will never carry them any-

where again, if it were to save their
 lives.

To-morrow morning I leave this
 mouse trap of a bed chamber forever,
 and in the next balloon that goes up,
 if it will take a passenger, I will go,
 and when I get where the populace
 can't reach me I will throw the owner
 out, and travel up, up, up,—I don't
 care where, if I don't have to make
 over any more "slop work shirts,"
 nor read humbug advertisements,
 nor keep Mrs. Rock's furniture in
 repair, nor carry old maid cousins to
 places of entertainment, nor see
 any happy husbands eating straw-
 berries and cream with rosy checked
 wives under luxuriant cherry trees.

For the A.

The Burial of Mrs. Toy.

"MAUD."

Again "'twas eventide"—Long months had passed
 Since at an hour like this were gathered there,
 Within the Sactuary, that "little land,"
 In grateful unison of joy, with one
 Who joyed to own allegiance to our Lord.
 As then, his robe the day-god had assumed,
 Of evening glories, though of darker hues,
 As more befitting to the mournful scene
 That brought together the worshippers
 The murmuring breezes were the springs sweet breath
 Which, fondly whispering mid the clust'ning leaves,
 Betrayed his soft caress, while every leaf
 Betokened by its lightly waving grace.

The joyous flut'ring of its loving heart.
Few were the parting rays that struggled through
The cloudy screen veiling the sun's broad face,
And they looked no, as erst, upon the pool
Where buried with Christ by baptism into death
The meek disciple bowed, uprising thence
To press by faith along the path of life.
That were a sight to fix an Angel's gaze
And tune to praise immortal all their lyres.
But mid the notes of praise are mingled now
Glad shouts of triumph: and Heaven's high battlements,
Resound with glad hosannas and exulting songs,
For one more trophy of all conquering grace,
Safe sheltered from th' tyrants treacherous wiles
For our dim eyes saw but a flowery wreath,
In beauty fading on a coffin lid,
Beneath which, resting in a dreamless sleep,
A much lov'd form, now tenantless, was hid.
The spring time and the summer of her days
Were passed in tranquil peace, and Autumn came,
Bearing abundant sheaves and rich in fruit,
But winter stern, with his chill withering breath,
Let fall his icy hand upon her brow,
Thus sealing in their fountains reason's springs.
Life ceased to charm, and wearied with the strife,
She meekly turned away her face and slept.

The prayer was said, the farewell song was sung.
And still the words—"thou'rt gone"—thrilled through the soul,
When down the aisle they bore the silent dust,
Across the threshold which her feet oft pressed,
While in her pilgrimage she lingered here,—
And banished it forever from the place.
Ay, send the clay back to its kindred dust!
The immortal spirit needs its aid no more!
For, as the embryo insect bursts its bonds.
And on gay wing exulting soars away,
So the freed spirit, from its mold released,
Plumes its glad wings amid exulting songs
And upward soars Redeeming love to meet.
We fain would follow in that upward flight—
But eagle pinions were too weak, to cleave
The wide mysterious depths of upper air,
And find the secret home of God's elect.

We can no more, than follow sad and slow,
 The cast off garment of the ransomed soul,
 To its receptacle so dark and lone,
 Where all like it are resting meek, and still.
 Mid the deep shadows of embowering green,
 Far from the babbling noise and busy strife
 Of mortal passions, restless in their strength.
 We laid her down to sleep 'till time shall end.
 How deep the silence, and how sweet the sleep!
 The sun had set, but softer radiance spread
 Than day in all her glories, e'er unfolds,
 Now made all nature palpitate with joy;
 While myriad songsters from their leafy bowers
 Made silence vocal with their simple lays
 Darkness impends. But soon in splendours clad,
 Dispelling mists and darkness, morn shall rise—
 Led by day's King—triumphant over night.
 So when the weary night of time is o'er,
 The son of God, our Glorious Righteousness,
 Shall scatter back the gloomy shades of death,
 And bear triumphant in his own pure light,
 The heirs immortal to their glorious home.

F a i t h .

In the glowing month of May, when all things were springing into renewed activity, God kindled a new life spark amidst a household band. And the angel of childhood took charge of the young being, and taught him the beautiful lesson of unquestioning trust. He said, "God cares for thee. Love thou Him also, in return. He has given thee friends. Believe in them, for to Him suspicion is hateful. He has given the

pervading sunshine, and the rushing storm, the flowers, the birds, the buzzing insects, the rich fruitage of autumn, the sheeting snows of winter. Enjoy each in its season, for this, also is one thank offering."

The child obeyed. He frolicked beneath the whispering trees, and gambled with the butterfly and bee to the music of flashing brooks. He peeped into the nests of the wren and robin, watched the wood pecker as it tapped

for the worm in the loose bark of the beech, hunted for violets, made garlands of the spicy winter-green and scarlet twin-berry, and shook the chesnut from its shaggy burr. He danced amidst the falling flakes of curious crystals, or shouted with glee in the clear, frosty air. At night he returned to the prayer at his mother's knee, and the peaceful slumbers, haunted by no regret, crossed by no darkling care. So time sped on.

At length the little one could look backward as well as forward; could remember as well as hope. He began to think, to compare, to reason, to doubt. He looked upon sin and its results, and a faint fear, a vague dread, a shadowy something to which he gave no name, perpetually recurred to mar his every pleasure.

Then the angel said, "My mission is ended. Alas! alas! what shall compensate my charge for his thoughtless mirth, for his careless gaiety, for his buoyancy of spirit, which has known neither disappointment nor decay!"

The youth heard the slight rustling of his pinions, and a wail like a fairy requiem, and he exclaimed, "Will the swift-winged hours come never again!" A hollow echo sounded within his bosom, "Never again!"

Called by the world, he began to play his part therein. Friends proved false, and enemies arose at every step. Dishonesty lay in wait for his truth. Deceit undermined his footsteps. Flattery fawned upon him. Calamny wounded him. Difficulties beset him, and there was none to aid.

Temptation smiled, and there was none to warn. He pursued pleasure till it palled. He bounded on in the race of ambition till he felt that its rewards were but dust and ashes. He looked into his heart, and he found that all the elements of enjoyment had died out forever. He sighed deeply and exclaimed, "The innocent, swift-winged hours, will they come never again?" A hollow echo sounded within his bosom, "Never again!"

But there came toward him a lofty Presence, so serene, so full of unimagined peace in her every tone and aspect, that he crept closer and closer to her, till she enfolded him in her own pure radiance. And he said, "I know thee; thou art called Faith. Make me thine now and forever!"

She smiled and answered, "Nay I am thine, and will serve thee; for thou alone art immortal."

So she brought cool water for his fevered lip, and left a soothing touch upon his brow, heated by many and fierce conflicts. She uprooted from his heart the poison plants which shut out the sunlight. She tore away the matted vines of evil which choked up the portal, and herself entered, arching it with enduring rainbows. She healed its fountains, embittered by the seething of angry passions. She passed through it with hushing finger, lulling each doubt, and care, and fear. Behind her breathed a balmy freshness, in which sprang up joys which could not die, and hopes which find their end only in fruition. Father and mother, wife and child, slept, and

she tracked for him their upward flight, till he could follow it with eagle vision, and could hear in the sentence, "dust unto dust," rather the promise of a reunion, than the fiat of separation. His wealth vanished, but she turned all things to a richer gold than Midas ever dreamed of. His hard-earned honors faded, but she made him a king's son, and the heir to a boundless empire. So the time sped on.

Manhood melted into age. An old man—he tottered, bent and suffering, to the brink of the dark river whose waves rolled coldly by. He shuddered, as his eye caught the blackness of the sluggish stream, but the beautiful Presence glided across the billows, and beckoned him to follow in her broad and genial path. He was no longer afraid. He sprang lightly forward, with a shout of triumph, and the world vanished from his gaze like a passing shadow.

O! there is nothing given to us here so bright as Faith. Starbeam

and Sunbeam pale before it, since they reveal only the perishable; Faith lights up the undying and eternal. They kiss the earth, and it gives back the bud and blossom; it offers sweet bird music, and the harmonious utterance of tree and leaf. Faith warms the soul, and it gives forth treasures over which the Infinite One rejoices; it breaks into songs whose echoes are endless. There is nothing so lofty as Faith, for it takes hold of heaven, it clings to Christ, it circles the throne of God. There is nothing so profound as Faith; for it reaches to the lowest hell and learns its terrible secrets. There is nothing so strong as Faith; for it is a victor over the last great enemy, and unlocks the gates of Paradise at a touch. There is nothing so beautiful as Faith; for its ministry is the most gentle, the most vigilant, the most perfect whenever the need is greatest. It is the soul's health, its guide, its safety. It is strength to weakness; it is rest to weariness; it is quiet to care.

Written For The Aurora.

ELLEN'S INHERITANCE.

BY JULIA SOUTHALL.

CHAPTER III.

"My soul turns backward, o'er long lapse of years."

The sick man raised his hand and drew the stranger near.

"Charles," he said, his voice hoarse and dry, "Charles, listen to me. I have to tell you a tale strange as sad."

Charles Livingston bowed his head.

"I am listening, cousin, and any secret you may unfold I will keep sacred."

"Ah! that is it! that is it!" said Bryanstone, eagerly. "Charles, we are related, we are cousins. Surely I can trust you?"

"You can, surely. You know me too well to doubt it; "replied the other, returning steadily the gaze of the dying man.

"Listen, then. A good many years ago I had a brother, as you know, young, handsome, ardent, impulsive. He was younger than I, and I possessed great power over him until he loved, as it proved, fatally, a woman in no way worthy of him. I, too loved this woman, but when I found that he loved her, I crushed back my affection for his sake.

They were never married, for Herold was scornfully dismissed from her presence when another and more lordly suitor came. He expostulated, entreated, in vain, and, finally refer-

red her to their guilty love as a link that bound them never to be broken.

"Charles, listen. That shameless woman steadfastly refused to fulfil the contract between them, and actually married the rich and high-born lover whose position and wealth she coveted. Herold came to me the night of her marriage, white and ghastly.

"Brother," he said, staggering to a seat, "brother, when I am gone care for the child—my child, will you not? My poor little Ellen, who will never know a father's love or a mother's care."

"The child! what child? I asked, bewildered, for I had not suspected that they were guilty of a crime like this.

"My child, *her's!*" he answered, fiercely. "Did you think it was for my own sake I wished to make public my marriage with that woman? Come nearer—nearer. That woman, she who is this very night married to another, is *my lawful wife*. But there was no witness to our marriage, for you know how bitterly her proud family opposed me, and we were married privately by a minister who is now a missionary in a foreign land. She has the certifi-

cate and she stole it from me—and I am in her power, I and my child. I cannot prove the marriage, and she will disgrace her own child forever.”

“But no one knows of it,” I said, “and the child will not learn it. Where is she?”

“I do not know,” he said, hoarsely. “She—the fiendess—has stolen her away from the house where I placed her, and I do not know what has become of her. I can guess, though, and I will search the world over but I will find her. When I do, I will give her to you. I have the consumption, and my days on earth will be few. Will you not love her, and care for her?”

“He spoke strongly, crowding his words fast, the one upon the other, I spoke soothingly to him, assuring him of my ability and readiness to protect his child. After awhile he grew calm, and rose up saying:

“Farewell, brother, I shall come back to you, ere long, to die, and I will bring my child.”

“The snow fell thickly, that long remembered night, but he went out in it, spite of my entreaties, and I watched him walking away down the avenue. Presently he turned and came back. The lamp I held flashed full upon his white face, with its wild, burning eyes, and snow-frosted hair.

“God bless you, brother, and, if I never come back, pray for me.”

“I never saw his face again. He was soon hid from my sight by the whirling flakes, and in the morning a deep snow had covered his foot-prints.”

Bryanstone paused. His face worked painfully, and the heavy sweat-drops stood upon his brow. Mr. Livingston poured out a small wine-glass full of the liquid and held it to the sick man's fevered lips. He continued.

“Some time after, I received a letter from Harold. He was in America, had found his child, and implored me to hasten to him, ere he died. I started at once. I have few words to spare, and I need not tell how the fierce storm broke over us, and how we suffered, ere the vessel struck upon the sunken rocks that lie on one side of this island.

“I, alone, was saved. Washed ashore, alone, half dying, not knowing where I was, new how to get away, I almost regretted that the sea had not swallowed me also. When, however, the fierce storm passed away, I crept out from the cave-like rock where I had sought shelter, and strayed about the island.

“The trees were loftier than any I had ever seen before, and the green freshness of the dense foliage, the dewy fragrance that filled the air, and the blooming brilliance of the tropical plants and flowers, surprised and delighted me. But there were no signs of human beings. But for the singing birds, and the rustling of their wings among the leaves, or the shy movements of some timid animal, there would have been utter silence.

I went down to the beach. The great, crested waves lashed the shore playfully, forbidding my further advance.

“I will not weary you with a description of my loneliness on this

beautiful isle. After some time had passed a second vessel was driven hither, as the first had been. But she was not wrecked, and in this ship I returned to England. Having sold out my property there—which was small enough, heaven knows, for I inherited nothing but my title—I came back to America, in search of my brother. He must have died ere I reached the New World, for I never found him.

"I purchased slaves and returned to this Island. I built this palace-like house and surrounded myself with beauty and elegance; my island-farm yielded abundantly, and I grew rich—very rich. I have been happy here, and I have done much good with the wealth which heaven has bestowed so freely upon me,

"I had dwelt here in quiet for nearly five years, when the equinoctial gales came in greater fury than usual. It was in one of these that I was wrecked, and this time another vessel was lost upon this dangerous coast. Maximilian Morris, the cabin-boy, now my adopted son, and Ellen Bryanstone, my niece alone were saved?"

"But how do you know she is your niece?" asked Livingston.

"Her resemblance to her father was sufficient, but I found a little gold locket round her neck, containing the portraits of her father and mother, and a ring attached to the ribbon which Harold had given to that woman, long ago."

Bryanstone stopped suddenly, and a hoarse rattle sounded in his throat.

"Call them in," he said.

They came.

"Maximilian," said the sick man, as the youth bent over him, "love your sister when I am gone."

Maximilian pressed the wasted hand, replying only by his tears. Bryanstone passed his hand softly, lovingly over Ellen's bowed head, and looked at her anxiously.

"May the good Lord to whom I am going bless and guard you, my child! Charles, treat her well, love her for the sake of our old school-days, when we loved each other. Will you not?"

"I will love her next to my own daughter, and for your sake, my dear friend," replied Livingston, solemnly, but his heart did not echo the vow.

They read his will. It bequeathed to Ellen Bryanstone the island farm, together with the sum of one hundred thousand pounds; to Maximilian Morris five thousand pounds with one half the slaves which Bryanstone possessed, the other half being left to Ellen; also the sum of five thousand pounds to his Cousin, Charles Livingston, who was made guardian over Ellen's person and property.

He signed his name clearly and legibly, and it was witnessed by Charles Livingston, and the minister, Mr. Thurston.

"Are you in peace?" asked the minister, bending over the dying man.

"God is love," was the answer, and his spirit passed away.

CHAPTEL IV.

INGLESIDE.

"And they called her cold! God knows
 Beneath the winter snows,
 The seeds of many flowers
 Lie ripe for blossoming;
 And the hearts that seem so cold,
 If their story could be told
 Would seem cast in gentler mould,
 Would seem full of love and spring."

Ingleside was a large, and stately looking house, yet with a certain air of comfort and home-freshness quite as attractive as its beauty. A long, wide avenue led up to the door, overshadowed and darkened by thick rows of lofty oaks and box-trees which lined it on either side. There was a gloomy, pleasant shadiness in all its surroundings, and the winding walks, adorned with roses and flowering shrubs, looked invitingly cool, as they traced away in the green arches of the superb oak grove around the house. Down one of these a young girl was slowly walking, at the close of a pleasant day in June.

She walked slowly as if absorbed in thoughts, now and then pausing to break a flower or to watch the graceful play of a fountain. She was not over twelve years of age, yet the matured, thoughtful face would have suited one three times that age. Her features were beautifully chiselled, the complexion cold and pure as alabaster; the mouth small and beautifully red, but seldom did a smile brighten their calm, proud repose, and when it did it was cold, brief, and bright, as moonlight on a bed of snow. Her eyes were of a dark, brilliant blue, but without softness, and few could meet steadily that calm, penetrating glance, so full

of cold haughtiness. These proud, beautiful eyes were fringed with lashes black as midnight, and surmounted by pencilled brows of the same jetty hue, forming a singular contrast to the thick, golden hair folded back from the wide, white brow, and around the small, upright head.

Hortense Rutledge was the heiress of all the broad lands of Ingleside, a splendid fortune, in itself. Flattered and obeyed from her earliest youth, yet never loved nor caressed, an orphan from her cradle, accustomed to luxury and refinement, Hortense was, nevertheless, most unhappy. Naturally of a nature which craves affection as a flower craves dew, she had received fulsome flatteries and adulation; sensitive to painfulness, melancholly and fond of solitude, her delicate spirit received so many shocks from the coarse worldlings around her that she wrapped herself in a mantle of pride. Haughtier by nature than the generality of girls, she fostered her pride as a mask and a shelter for her wounded spirit, until it had become second nature.

She would not be controlled by any one, for her will was only second to her pride, and even her aunt, Mrs. Rutledge, proverbial as she was for her unbending will, could wield no authority over Hortense. This Mrs Rutledge was no blood relation of Hortense, but the wife of her father's brother, and she took charge of Hortense, and her cousins, Lydia and Eugenia Livingston; the father and guardian, Mr. Charles Livingston, being almost always gone south, either on business or pleasure.

John Brown;
OR, A PLAIN MAN'S PHILOSOPHY.

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

I've a crown I can spend,
I've a wife and a friend,
And a troop of little children at my knee, John Brown:
I've a cottage of my own,
With the ivy overgrown,
And a garden with a view of the sea, John Brown;
I can sit at my door,
By a shady sycamore,
Large of heart, though of very small estate, John Brown;
So come and drain a glass,
In my arbor as you pass,
And I'll tell you what I love, and what I hate, John Brown;

I love the song of birds,
And the children's early words,
And a loving woman's voice, low and sweet, John Brown;
And I hate a false pretence,
And the want of common sense,
And arrogance and fawning and deceit, John Brown:
I love the meadow flowers,
And the briar in the bowers,
And I love an open face without guile, John Brown;
And I hate a selfish knave,
And a proud contented slave,
And a lout who'd rather borrow than toil, John Brown;

I love a simple song
That makes emotions strong,
And the word of hope that raises him who faints, John Brown;
And I hate the constant whine
Of the foolish who repine,
And turn their good to evil by complaints, John Brown;
But even when I hate,
If I seek my garden gate,
And survey the world around me and above, John Brown,
The hatred flies my mind,

And I sigh for human kind,
And excuse the faults of those I cannot love, John Brown.

So if you like my ways,
And the comfort of my days,
I can tell you how I live so unvexed, John Brown;
I never scorn my health,
Nor sell my soul for wealth,
Nor destroy one day the pleasures of the next, John Brown,
I've parted with my pride,
And I take the sunny side,
For I've found it worse than folly to be sad, John Brown:
I keep a conscience clear,
I've a hundred pound a year,
And I manage to exist, and to be glad, John Brown.

For the Aurora.

Roselle.

BY MATILDA C. SMILBY.

She was most beautiful, her brow
Was radiant as the morning light,
O'er which was wound in radiant braids
Her shining tresses darkly bright;
And on her classic lip reposed
A dimpled smile of sweetest grace,
That like a star at twilight time
Lit up the beauty of her face.
And light and laughing were her words,
As summer winds at evening are;
She was a "thing of joy to all,"
A thread of sunshine everywhere;
And mingled love and music made,
A world of happiness for her,

She sang and danced the hours away
In love's own balmy atmosphere.
Life's roses bloomed for her unasked,
All, all was bright around her way,
And still she longed for higher joys,
For deeper rest day after day.
Aye day by day the spirits voice
In soft still whispers thrilled her breast,
"Come unto me, Oh! wandering one,
Come to the ark of God and rest."
She heard, but from that pleading voice,
She turned with careless lip and brow,
Forever saying to herself
It is too soon to enter now.
And day by day and hour by hour
That voice spoke with a fainter thrill,
Until the "unseen line" was crossed,
And then the spirit's voice grew still.
Grieved, wounded from her hardened heart,
At length the holy dew had flown,
The day of mercy had gone by,
And God had let Roselle alone.

There was a hushed and darkened room,
Where muffled feet trode light and low,
And watchers o'er a fair girl bent,
Whose life-lamp flickered to and fro.
Roselle was gliding down the slope
That leads into the stream of death;
And nearer to the brink she drew
With every pulse and panting breath.
Oh! then how earnestly she longed
To hear that still small voice again;
How earnestly she wished and wished
To feel once more repenting pain,
But Oh! her heart refused to feel,
Her glazing eye no tear could shed,
She spoke, she moved, she clasped our hand,
Bring hither now my shroud she cried,
Its still white folds may move my heart,
Oh! it may cause my soul to feel
'Ere from life's temple I depart.
They brought to her the winding sheet,

And shroud she was so soon to wear.

She only clasped her thin white hands
And looked at them in mute despair.

They brought the coffin to her room,
And weeping placed it in her sight,

And silently with tearless eyes,
She watched it through the livelong night,

And as the morning light appeared,
She wildly cried too late, too late;

And passed without a ray of hope
Beyond death's dark eternal gate.

Written Expressly for the Aurora.

DORA CLIFTON, AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

BY A VIRGINIA LADY.

Mrs. Ashton kissed me gently when she came in, and said she hoped I would hold out faithful. And then with my new found joy I followed her and Fanny from the dressing-room.

"Where is Henry," I said, addressing Mrs. Ashton.

She looked at me and answered quietly, "He left the tent a few moments ago. I suppose he will be in after a while to go to the stand with you and Fanny; but if you wish to go now Dr. Ashton will go with you, and I will send Henry along."

I felt that I had rather not meet him in a crowd in my present state of mind, but I said nothing, and walked on quietly to the stand with

Fanny and her father. Dr. Ashton seated us very near the altar and left us. I looked around to see if Henry was coming, but he was nowhere in sight, and my heart throbbed with a sudden pang of pain as I remembered Henry's objection to fanaticism. He had heard me shouting in the tent, and perhaps he thought harshly of me. Oh! that such thoughts should come at such a time. I knew that they were the suggestion of the evil one, and I steeled my heart against them, hoping that through all Henry would be the same.

Again the tall, gray haired preacher rose in the pulpit. He announced his text, and I soon forgot everything

around me, and as I listened spell-bound to his glowing and beautiful words. I was happy, oh! supremely happy, and when the sermon closed, and high on the still clear air rose the sweet songs of Zion, I could not repress a shout of joy, and my heart went up in utterable thanks to Him who had redeemed me by His most precious blood, and brought me into his marvelous light.

Fanny wept bitterly and her soul was full of agony, yet she would not accept the invitation to approach the altar.

"I will not go she said, Henry thinks it foolish, and if I am to be converted, I must get converted here." And the services closed, and we returned to the tent, and Fanny still wept and prayed, but she could not believe.

We had taken our seats near the tent-door, (Fanny and I,) and were listening to the happy voices singing around the altar, when we were startled by the appearance of Cousin Ellen and Flora Perkins, accompanied by two or three gentlemen, among whom was Henry Ashton.

* * * * *

The sun was sinking in golden glory beyond the hills, sending here and there beams of his brightness through the woods,

"Like golden lamps

Hid in a night of green."

And there was coolness and balminess on the air that sent our thoughts floating up softly to the "green fields of Eden" that we had been talking and singing about so much that day.

"This is very sweet," said Nathan, getting up and standing in the tent-door. "A camp-meeting makes one

think of the tents of old, there is something so picturesque about them. If this stillness could last I would love them better than I do."

"They are lighting the lamps," remarked Henry, as if to change the conversation, "and see how beautiful they are, shining through the leaves.

"Enchanting! charming! glorious!" chimed in several voices at once. But I was silent, I could find no words to express my rapture as I gazed on the scene before me. The purple mists of twilight had fallen around, and far up the blue heavens shone the first faint stars of night; while hundreds of lamps twinkled among the green leaves that whispered softly to each other as they hung dreamily in the twilight stillness. There was a very air of Sabbath stillness about the place, and scarcely the sound of a footstep was heard as people glided softly about from tent to tent. I am sure the sweet quietness of the scene before us pervaded every heart. And we turned from the door saying softly to ourselves "This place is holy," even as it were the gate of heaven.

After a hasty supper we again repaired to the stand. Our seats were near the altar, and when the sermon was over there was again an invitation for penitents to come forward. Fanny was convulsed with weeping, and Nathan and Henry were both deeply effected, and I can never tell the emotions of my own heart as I sat there listening to the prayers and exhortations that fell from the lips of the people of God. I felt that it was indeed "good to be

there," and my heart sank sweetly into the ocean of utterable peace. Presently the prayers and exhortations ceased, and the whole band of preachers and people around the altar began to sing "The Old Ship of Zion," and as the chorus of "Oh! glory hallalujah," rang from the multitude of voices, far away thro' the dim forest, I thought of that great multitude who are "round the throne day and night" singing "Blessing, and glory, and wisdom, and thanksgiving, and honor, and power, and might be unto our God, forever and ever, amen." And before I was conscious of it I found myself shouting aloud.

"Dora, Dora," I heard close to my ear, and a strong arm held me fast. "You excitable little thing," said Henry in no pleasant tone of voice. "why can't you be still if you are happy? Try and compose yourself. Look at Nathan how calm he is. You must not do so, Dora, it isn't refined."

But Henry had to leave me alone there. for just then Fanny, who had been weeping bitterly during all the service, started up and shouted at the top of her voice. She had found peace—she knew now that she was redeemed by the most precious blood, and could not be still. She laughed and threw her arms around Henry's neck and begged him to come to Jesus, and it was a long time before Henry and Nathan could calm the happy little creature, and keep her down in her seat.

"If I knew how I could get out of this crowd I would go away," said Henry, looking around despairingly

on the throng of people that blocked up the isle. "I don't know what to make of you and Fanny to-night. I've a mind to be seriously angry with both of you. Just look! how does that young woman appear to you, with her bonnet thrown back and her hair down, screaming for dear life? There are other people as happy here, but they are still, and it looks so much better."

All this time Nathan had said nothing, but he now turned to Henry and said, "You are unjust in your reasoning, Henry; because one person is still under the influence of great happiness it is not right to believe that all are necessarily so—you are wrong to speak as you do about such things. It is God's doings, and you ought to be careful how you speak of such matters."

"Why I thought you were an Episcopalian, Nathan—one of the strictest sort," said Henry, in a surprised tone.

"Well, I am," answered Nathan. "but still I believe that there are sudden conversions, which bring such overpowering joy that it is impossible to be still and quiet. And then again, conversions are gradual as the opening of the seasons, and the end is perfect peace."

Fanny looked up in her lover's face with a smile of serene joy as he finished speaking, and Henry looked grave and almost sad as we left our places and walked down the isle, which was now roomy enough, and when we parted at the tent-door Henry stooped and kissed my cheek, whispering softly, "I wish I was a good christian, Dora, forgive me will

you for all I have said, and love me still, faulty as I am."

"I do," I said warmly. And then Fanny and I went to the sleeping room where we found about twenty ladies preparing for rest. It is impossible to describe the confusion that prevailed. Dresses, bonnets, carpet bags, and riding skirts, were hung up on every conceivable place in the spacious tent, while trunks and bandboxes impeded my progress at every step. A long, continuous bed, formed of many beds placed together ran the whole length of the apartments, and upon this some of the ladies were seated, while others had tucked themselves snugly under the bed cover, while others again were busily engaged in disrobing, and shaking the dust out of their garments, and all talking and laughing at the same time in the happiest manner imaginable. At length we all succeeded in finding a sleeping place in the great bed. And that night I slept oh! so sweetly, never dreaming of the great cloud that was hanging over my future pathway.

We were up with the dawn, and such a scramble as we had for our dresses, shoes, etc., that we might be ready for prayers, and just as Fanny and I had made ourselves in a degree presentable the horn sounded and we hurried out to the open tent, where we found Nathan and Henry awaiting us, and we went together to the stand where the preacher was already standing up to read.

Prayers were soon over, and we went sauntering about in the cool arbor, through which the sunshine

stole like golden rain, sprinkling here and there the damp grass, that lay like a great soft carpet beneath our feet. Nathan and Fanny walked off in a different direction, busy with their own happiness, while Henry and I sat down in the coolest shade, listening to the songs of the birds, and watching the green leaves as they danced gracefully about on the bosom of the morning breeze.

Henry was unusually silent, and there was a shadow on his brow which made my heart sad. I looked up in his face and said, "What is the matter Henry? I can't bear to see you looking so sad. Hav'nt you forgiven me for my demonstration yesterday?"

"O, yes," he said, cheerfully, "I am not thinking of *that*, but I have something to show you, Dora."

And he drew a letter from his pocket and handed it to me.

"I picked it up this morning at the tent door. Read it," he continued, looking at me with his dark, searching eyes.

I felt a strange presentiment of evil as I opened the letter, and my heart almost burst with agony as I read its contents:

DEAR SIR: I have a great respect for you as a gentleman, and painful as it is I have too much regard for your happiness not to inform you of a few facts in relation to the young lady, Dora Clifton, to whom rumor says you are engaged. She is not what she seems to be. At school she was proved to be guilty of stealing very valuable articles; and for the truth of this assertion I

refer you to Mr. Blake, and others, at the school where she boarded.

Knowing that no man of honor would willingly connect himself with one on whom such a stain rests, I write this, feeling it to be a sacred duty, and I trust that you will think kindly of this letter from

A FRIEND.

My head swam, and my eyes felt dim as I finished the letter and gave it back to Henry.

"What does it mean, Dora?" he said, "is there a word of truth in it, is there? Will you tell me, or shall I go to Mr. Blake and others, tell me now."

And he got up and walked back and forth with his arms folded proudly on his breast. I knew that my dream was over, and commanding all the strength I could, I raised my head and looked at him unflinchingly, and said,

"Yes, it is true that valuable articles were put in my trunk, they were found there by the faculty, but I knew nothing about them."

"Can that be proved?" he asked in a calm, cold voice, stopping before me.

"No, unless my own word is taken I have no other proof. My enemies did it to ruin me, and oh! how have they succeeded," I continued bursting into a passionate flood of tears.

Henry was silent a long time as he walked before me with his head bowed on his proud breast. At length he stopped, and seating himself beside me said in a low trem-

bling voice, that thrilled my nerves with agony as I listened,

"Dora, you know my family, my position. I love you madly, but this stain must be blotted out before I can marry you. I dare not believe you guilty, but 'Cæsar's wife must be above suspicion.' I will go to Mr. Blake and know all, and if your innocence cannot be proved you are free, Dora, and I will be a wanderer on the earth, far enough from all that has made my life so beautiful. Farewell, Dora," and pressing my hand convulsively in his for a few moments—he was gone.

I looked around me like one in a dream. Could he be gone—the light of my life, my heart's first, best, and only joy—gone—gone—and I buried my face in my hands, weeping wild bitter tears, as I thought of the past, and all he had been to me, and how far apart our paths must be in the future.

"Why what can be the matter, Dora?" I heard Fanny say, "don't cry darling," and drawing my hand in hers led me unresistingly to the tent, and with my head on her bosom she made me tell her all that had passed between Henry and myself, while she wept tears almost as bitter as my own.

"He hasn't gone yet," she said, starting up, "maybe I can do something with him," and she ran away, telling me to keep still until she came back.

Like a tired child I closed my eyes, hardly conscious of anything around me, and with but one ardent wish in my heart—to die, to be at peace

But while my agony was deepest, a voice seemed to whisper to my breaking heart, "Fear not, I am with thee, be not dismayed, for I am thy God, I will strengthen thee, yea I will help thee, yea I will uphold thee with the might of my righteousness. In a moment the great agony of my spirit passed away, and when Fanny returned I was calm. She wept bitterly as she threw herself on the seat beside me, but she did not speak, and I knew how it was. And then I put my hand in hers and whispered cheerfully through my tears, "don't cry, Fanny, it is best, I can bear it after awhile, and he may be happier without me. I did wrong not to tell him at first. But it is all over now and best for him. Maybe, I continued, my innocence can be made plain, and then he can come back, and he must come back to you Fanny, for I cannot stay at Violet Dell now, it would remind me too much of joys departed, and besides my presence would keep him from his home; which must not be.

Fanny raised her head and looked at me wildly, saying you don't mean it Dora, you won't leave us, oh, say you will not. I cannot bear it." And her tears flowed afresh. It was hard for me to see the grief of Mrs. Ashton and Fanny, and know that I was the innocent cause of it all. And I determined to seek a situation as soon as possible. Accordingly I applied to Mr. Thomson, a neighbor who was then at the camp-meeting and who I knew was in search of a governess for his young daughters. At first he looked at me with aston-

ishment, and said he didn't believe I could manage his girls, I looked so young myself. But I assured him I could, and agreed to teach for a very small sum, resolving that as soon as I could I would go far away from the very neighborhood that had witnessed my banished happiness.

Fanny was almost inconsolable when I told her of my engagement, but Mrs. Ashton only kissed me and said she hoped it was all for the best. I moved softly about the place, made almost perfect in weakness by the full trust which I felt in my Saviour's promise, and as often as the shadow of earthly despondency gathered around me I grew strong in the assurance that my Father was leading me through a "hidden path," full of gloom and darkness, into a way that was radiant with the light of perfect joy.

More than once after the parting between Henry and myself, I met Ellen and Flora on the camp-ground, but there was no cordiality in their manners; and while I prayed continually to be able to forgive my enemies, I could not overcome a certain chillness in manner towards them. And so we parted on the camp-ground, feeling that our hearts were as far apart as ever. At length the time came for the camp-meeting to break up. The last prayer was offered up, the last hymn sung, and friends bade adieu to each other, many of them never to meet again until that "morning of the Lord," when we shall all rise from the dust and put on our resurrection robes, and be in our Father's home forever.

It was a solemn scene to see those young christians and old saying farewell, and yet there was a world of joy and hope in their voices as they whispered, "we'll meet in the hereafter," and spend an eternity of blessedness praising God.

Tearfully I parted from Fanny and Mrs. Ashton, yet I could not despair, hope told me "that all would be light in the morning."

I went to my new home with a strong hand and a cheerful heart, willing to work and wait for the sunshine which I knew would come by and by.

Mr. Thomson had five daughters, and it is difficult to imagine a more unruly set than they were. The eldest, Cemanthia, was over twenty-one, and she ruled the whole household. Her temper was very violent and there was a continual discord among the sisters that was very distressing to a stranger. At first, Miss Cemantha, who would not deign to be one of my scholars, although she was very ignorant, seemed rather shy of me, and treated me with more respect than otherwise. But she did not let me rest long, and her continual ill-temper was a constant source of annoyance to me. She was proud and overbearing, and often boasted of her father's wealth, which was in fact considerable, and like my cousin Ellen it seemed to give her exquisite pleasure to remind me of my dependant situation. The rest of the girls were loving and gentle, and were soon warm friends, and in my perfect trust in my heavenly

Father, my mind was kept in peace

Fanny visited me often during the summer, but she never spoke of Henry, and I shrank from calling his name to her. If they heard from him all through those months I never knew it, and perhaps when Fanny heard my light laugh and cheerful words she fancied that I had forgotten him. But dearer, O, far dearer to me than life was the memory of his dear name, and often I wept myself to sleep, thinking of him and the dark shadow that had fallen over my early love, and I prayed that sometime in the future, even if it was beside my grave, he might learn the truth, that I was innocent.

Thus the Summer and Winter passed, and when the Spring came Fanny, who was making preparations for her bridal was taken suddenly ill and I was sent for to attend her sick bed. For days and weeks, and months she lingered between life and death, and while our hearts trembled with the hopes and fears that had gathered around them, the pale messenger came for our darling. We had been watching her all night long, listening to her hurried breathing, and just as the day dawned she opened her eyes and said softly to Nathan Blackwood, who was bending over her in great sorrow, "Nathan did you write to Henry? Do you think he will come to-day?"

"Yes Fanny," he murmured, "I know he will come to-day. I wrote to him a week ago," and he kissed the marble-like face that was up

turned to his with an expression of deathless love.

"I hope he will come before I go, I hope he will—poor Henry. Nathan tell him of Jesus when I am gone. Tell him to meet me in Heaven."

At that moment a well known step was heard, and Henry rushed into the room and threw himself on his knees beside the bed of his dying sister. He did not speak, but all his soul seemed to be melting away in the sorrow he felt. Dear Fanny was not excited much, but closed her eyes and whispered, "now I can rest. I am so glad you are here Henry. You have been away so long. You must stay at home now, and take care of mama and papa,"—her eyes wandered toward me but she did not speak. "And now, Nathan," she continued, falteringly, "my time is getting short, I have but one wish, and that is to partake of the broken body and shed blood of my Redeemer, send for the minister, that I may take it with you all before I go."

Nathan did as he was requested, and the dying girl folded her hands and whispered softly to herself,

"Forever with the Lord,

Amen so let it be,

Life from the dead is in that word
Tis immortality.

Here in the body pent

Absent from him I roam,

Yet nightly pitch my moving tent,

A day's march nearer home.

Forever with the Lord,

Father if tis thy will

The promise of that faithful word
This hour to me fulfill.

So when my latest breath

Shall rend the veil in twain,

By death I shall escape from death
And life eternal gain.

Knowing as I am known,

How shall I love that word,

And oft repeat before the throne
Forever with the Lord."

Mrs. Ashton was almost broken-hearted as she saw her precious child passing away from her home, and could not affect the calmness she could not feel, and while she said, "It is the Lord, let him do what seemeth to him good," she remembered how He had wept over his friend Lazarus, and she knew he did not chide her tears as she stood over her dying treasure. Dr. Ashton was equally affected, but his grief was deep and stern, almost rebellious, and Henry seemed to have no control over his emotions.

Presently the minister came in with soft footsteps and as we knelt around the bed of sweet Fanny to partake of the communion with her for the last time, our hearts almost burst with agony, but when in his deep clear voice, he prayed for our beloved one, our souls were strengthened as if angels ministered unto us, and we took the cup with thanksgiving, saying in our hearts—"thanks be to God who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."

Now I am happy said Fanny as we rose from our knees. O, if Henry could have joined us. Buddie, she murmured, will you—O, will

you try to be a christian—will you meet me in heaven? Yes, Oh! yes I will cried the weeping Henry—I will meet you there, I will.” And he rushed wildly from the room. Poor dear buddie, sighed Fanny, you all must watch over him when I am gone and keep him at home if you can. Come here Dora, she continued calmly, hold my hand it trembles so—there that will do, and kiss me, for I am going fast, and then in a clear distinct voice she said “the Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want, he maketh me to lie down in green pastures, he leadeth me beside the still waters, he restoreth my soul, he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name sake. Yea though I walk through the dark valley of the shadow of death, I shall fear no evil, for thou art with me, thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.”

Yes Jesus precious Jesus is with me, she continued after a pause, and I can fear no evil, the valley is full of light—full of light. Ah! death where is thy sting—it is sweet to die here with all I love around me, but I am going to a better home to live forever—to live forever with Jesus, And she began to sing with her dying breath—

Every moment brings me nearer
To my long sought rest above;
Higher mounts my soul and higher,
O! how happy to remove.
Then forever

I shall sing redeeming love.

Though my burden now oppress me,
And I shrink before my pain,
Jesus he will soon release me,
And your loss will be my gain.

Precious Jesus

With him I shall ever reign.”

She closed her eyes a moment as if in earnest prayer, and then said, “tell Henry to come here.” He was called, and again stood in his strong agony beside his sister. “Henry” she said slowly take care of Dora when I am gone, love her, she is innocent and worthy of your love. He started as his eyes fell on me, and the next moment our hands were clasped together in eternal love and reconciliation. Slowly through the day Fanny faded, and when the evening came, just as the sunlight melted away in the western sky, our darling murmured, “precious, precious Jesus he is with me,” and then her dear voice was hushed forever. She had gone to mingle with that blood washed throng, “Who hunger no more, neither thirst any more, neither shall the sun light on them any more. For the lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and lead them unto living fountains of water, and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes.”

With covered faces and muffled footsteps we passed out of the darkened chamber, and as we closed the door after us, Nathan Blackwood whose grief was too great for words, fell prostrate on his knees, praying for resignation. Fervently his prayer arose to the throne of the living God. And as he rose from his knees, he burst into a flood of tears, and cried, “Even so Father for so it seemeth good in thy sight,” and with one accord our hearts responded, “Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord,

even so saith the spirit for they rest from their labors and their works do follow them. Then came the hush of the household—the moving about of strange faces as they robed our darling one for the grave. O! how long and dark that evening and night was, and what a sickening deathlike feeling come over me, as I awoke from a feverish sleep in the early morning, and remembered that she was dead. The flowers sent in a sickening fragrance through the windows, and the muffled feet in her room and the faint sound of hushed voices in the household almost drove me mad. I had been in the house of mourning once before and that was when my precious mother died, and O! how vividly did I remember it; then all, all, passed before me like a great picture, until my agony was almost too great to bear, but I remembered the sweet words of Jesus, “I am the resurrection and the life, he that believeth in me though he were dead, yet shall be live. And with this precious promise I grew strong to suffer the deep sorrow that had come to me.

There was wild grief around the grave of our beloved one, and above all was heard the sobs of poor Henry, presently every sob of sorrow was hushed, and a great calm fell on our hearts. As the preacher read in a voice tremulous with tears, “I know that my redeemer liveth, and that he shall stand at the latter day upon the earth and though after my skin worms destroy this body yet in my flesh shall I see God.”

The Lord giveth and the Lord hath

taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord. Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord, for they rest from their labors and their works do follow them.” Our dear ones grave was rounded over, the mourners parted and we went back to the desolate house to think and talk and weep over all the words and ways of the precious treasure who was asleep in Jesus.

For weeks and months nothing was spoken of at Violet Dell but the death of poor Fanny. Mrs. Ashton was completely crushed with the great sorrow, and never left her bed, while Henry moved about the house like one in a dark dream. He rarely came to his mother's room, and I saw him but seldom, and then for a few moments only.

But a length time brought healing on its wings, and gradually Henry unbent from the sternness of his grief, and would often send for me to come to the parlor to talk to him about his sister. He never spoke of our past love, but I knew he loved me still, and I knew that all would be well by and by. I had never heard from Ellen or Flora since we parted at the camp-meeting, but my heart whispered to me that they would repent of the wrong they had done me and—confess that I was innocent. I resolved never to marry Henry until all was made plain, and I looked forward trustingly, to the time when every shadow of suspicion would fade from Henry's mind.

We were sitting at the breakfast table one morning when the letters were brought in. One was directed to

Henry in a ladies' hand. He took it up, looked at it thoughtfully for a moment, and said carelessly.

"Who can this be from—I wonder? and with a nervous hand he broke the seal.

I watched him as he read, and Mrs. Ashton asked eagerly who it was from. He did not answer, but I saw the flash of indignant anger in his eyes, and the angry flush on his face as he read silently.

Presently he folded the letter, put it in his pocket, and walked hastily out of the room, without looking at either of us. "I'm afraid something has happened to trouble Henry," remarked Mrs. Ashton as her eyes followed her son fondly, "I wonder what it is," and she sighed heavily as she rose from the breakfast table.

In a few moments Henry came back and told me he wished to have a short conversation with me in the parlor. I arose and went with him, and my heart throbbed with a deep, serene joy, for there was a look in Henry's eyes which told me that all was well at last. And when he put his arm around my waist, as he had so often done in happier days, and drew me silently to the parlor, I did not withdraw myself, for I felt that I was his own now for time and for eternity.

"My poor dear patient Dora."

He said it as he seated me on the sofa and kissed my uplifted brow with tender emotion. "You have suffered so much, but peace and joy has come at last. Oh! can you for-

give me my pet, my darling Dora?

"Yes I forgive all," I said, leaning on the strong arm that was to be my support all through life. "I forgive all. I knew all would be plain at last. But who wrote to you Henry? I said taking the letter safely from his hand. "Read it," he said—and I read.

DEAR SIR:—can you forgive me for causing you so much unhappiness, as I have done. I wrote the letter about Dora, but not to please myself, still I am none the less to blame. At school, Ellen Ashton, Dora's cousin, disliked her so much that she resolved on her ruin, and she prevailed on a Miss Kate Gibson and myself to aid her. We put the jewelry in her trunk, and hid her key. It was found there, and you know the rest.

I promised once never to reveal this, but that was when my heart was wicked. God has taken away my evil heart, and given me a new one, and in a few days at most I shall be in the land "where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest," Ask Dora to forgive and pray for Flora Perkins.

"Poor Flora," I cried—and sad and happy tears were shed over the letter that brought back all my lost happiness. Oh! how freely I forgave her then, and how I longed to tell her so. And I felt in that hour, that the prayers which I had so often sent up for my persecutors and slanderers was now more than answered. And I was in a perfect Eden

of joy as I set there with Henry, thinking of all the hidden ways throu' which I had walked, and now I was in the broad sunlight of perfect happiness.

Long did we linger in the parlor, talking over the past and present, and then with a proud and happy look Henry led me to his mother—telling her of our reconciled love. And we all rejoiced together.

We had nothing to wait for now, and we were married the next week, with only a few friends to witness the ceremony.

"My own, own Dora," murmured Henry, folding me fondly to his great warm heart, "nothing shall divide us now. We are one forever.

And in the rapture of that hour I was more than rewarded for all the trials and sorrows of the past.

Soon after our marriage we determined to visit Flora, and after a few days travel we reached her home. We were asked into the parlor, and the sound of muffled feet and whispering voices told too plainly of the presence of the king of terrors. I sent my name to Mrs. Perkins, begging her to let Flora know I was there, and if she could possibly see me. Mrs. Perkins did not hesitate, but went immediately to her daughters room and soon returned, telling me I could go in. I followed her lightly up stairs—Mrs. Perkins opened the door gently, and there waited with long suffering, and almost gasping for breath lay poor Flora.

"Dora—Dora—Dora," she murmured as her eyes fell upon me, and

then slipping her transparant hand in mine shesighed, "forgive me Dora! O! forgive me for all I have done to you.

"Forgive you yes ten thousand times I forgive you Flora. You did nothing of your own accord, you were influenced by another, and all it well now."

"I wrote that letter Dora, the letter that distroyed your peace—can you forgive me for that?—I was influenced by Ellen who was bent on your destruction. O pray that God will change her heart as he has mine"

"I will Flora," I said—but now say nothing more about that letter. I am happy now, and Henry is my husband.

"I am glad of that," murmured the weary girl. "Ellen can part you no more forever." And a sweet angelic smile rested on her pale face, over which the twilight of death was softly stealing.

"When the sun goes down" she whispered "I shall be at home. Bless God for Camp-Meetings Dora. It was at the Camp-Meeting that I began to seek the pearl of great price, and now I feel that neither life nor death, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor heights nor depth nor any other creature, shall be able to separte me from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus."

"Mother she continued I am dying, but before I go let me ask you to seek and find Jesus. Oh! he is so precious to me now as I walk through the dark valley."

"God is love I know I feel it,
Jesus weeps and loves me still."

"Oh! how hard it must be to die
without Jesus, but with me all is
peace—all is peace, "and folding her
white hands on her bosom. she sung
in a low clear voice—

Death shall not destroy my comforts,
Christ will guide me through the
gloom,

Down he'll send his shining angels
To convey my spirit home,
Jordan stream shall ne'er o'erwhelm
me,

While my Saviour's by my side,
Canaan, Canaan lies before me,
Soon I'll cross the swelling tide.

See the happy spirits waiting,
On the banks beyond the stream
Sweet responses still repeating,

Jesus Jesus, is their theme
See they whisper back they call me
Sister spirit come away,
So, I come earth can't detain me,
Hail ye realms of endless day."

Like a tired child she closed her
eyes after this and spoke to us no
more. But ever and anon she would
open her dying eyes and whisper
to herself "happy happy in Jesus,"
and thus she died another monument
of Redeeming love:

With chastened heart we left the
house of mourning, and proceeded
homeward, where we found a letter
from Ellen, inviting me to her wed-
ding which she said was to take place
in a few days. It was to be a grand
affair, and her father wanted me to
be there as one of her bridesmaids.

"She doesn't know that you have
changed your name Dora" said
Henry, "will you go to the wedding?"
"No! no!" I said shuddering, why
should I go. I will write to Ellen,
and thank her, I wonder how she
come to ask me, I said musingly.

I set down and wrote, telling her
all that had happened, and what I
had witnessed at Flora's death bed.
Not one word of reproach did I speak,
for my blessed religion, which had
taught me to pray always,—"that
God would have mercy on my per-
secutors, enemies and slanderers, and
change their hearts" and my most
servant wish was that God would
give the poor, erring-girl a new heart
and a right spirit.

To my letter I received no answer,
and in sweet quiet, home-happiness,
at Violet Dell the past faded like a
dream from my memory.

Ten years had passed away and
Henry and I, with our bright eyed
children, were sitting in the vine clad
porch at Violet Dell, with our hearts
full of serene happiness, when we
were astonished by the appearance
of a shabby hack driving up to the
gate,

"Who can it be? said Henry as
he put our youngest down from his
knee and went out to meet them.
Slowly the tired horses walked up
the broad carriage way, and I caught
a glimpse of a pale face within and
two sad little children that almost
made me weep to look at them.
Who can it be I said to myself, but
the next moment I thought of Ellen
—could it be Ellen? I threw my
embroidery aside and staggered
down the steps, just as the shabby
hack stood opposite the door. I was
bewildered. "Cousin Dora," I heard
a low sweet voice saying, and the
next moment I was kissing Ellen
and her little children heartily.

"How pale you are Ellen," I cried,
drawing her into the house. "Come

lie down." And I drew the sofa into the coolest place for Ellen, who 'aid back in perfect helplessness on the soft pillows. I lost no time in getting wine and refreshments, of which she partook eagerly.

"Did you get my letter Dora?" she said—after awhile, do you know why I have come to Violet Dell?"

I told her I had not received her letter but I was very glad to see her. She shook her head and smiled sadly, saying, "I have no home Dora, no one to take care of me, and I am sick, and O! so weary of life, so weary. Sit down by me Dora, and I will tell you all." Silently I took my seat beside her and she began.

I must begin from the beginning Dora, and tell you how I always disliked you after you come to our house, and it was all through envy. I did not like for you to be thought well of, even by my father. He loved you Dora, but mother and I would not let him show any fondness for you—and when he sent you to school with me my heart was full of rage, and I determined to destroy you. I well nigh succeeded, but God was on your side, he took care of you. I had the jewels put in your trunk. I heard of your engagements to Henry, and had that evil letter written, can you forgive me for it? I married, as I thought, a rich man, for I thought of nothing but ambition and money. I did not love him. I married him to buy what I wanted, the year after my father broke and died soon after, and my mother weak and dependant, came to live with me, and O! how cruelly I repaid all her kindness to me. She died suddenly. My husband

who knew that I did not love him, plunged into all kinds of dissipation, and at length he failed, and then, Oh! Dora, I can hardly say it, he killed himself—shot himself one night while I was at a party, and when I went home, I found him lying dead in his blood—dead, and that wretched woman shuddered as she rocked herself to and fro.

Then came want and suffering: I was taken to the Alms house, for I could not work, and, my little children were starving. I remained there awhile, and then I thought of you Dora. Thought that you would forgive me and take my poor children when I died. And so I came here, O! can you forgive me Dora, can you forgive me—and take my little darlings for their own sake, not for mine?

Yes that I will I cried, clasping the poor little sad things to my heart. Yes and I will be a mother to them too. And I will be a father to them, said Henry who had come in and was standing silently at the back of my chair. O, how good, how good you are, sighed the poor creature, sinking back on the sofa. I can go in peace now, for I know my darlings are safe. O rear them up in the admonitions of the Lord and teach them to shun their mother's ways, teach them to pray, teach them—a painful spasm shook the frame of the dying woman. She gazed wildly at us for a moment—a shadow passed over her face and she had passed into eternity.

Tenderly as a mother I watched over the little beings left to my care, they were both girls, and beautiful as their mother had been. Silia and

Ada were far more beautiful—they both married men of wealth and influence and were ornaments to the church and society. And now when I look back through the past, I am thankful for every cloud that fell across my early pathway for the sun-

shine has come at last, and so I have learned that he alone, is kept in perfect peace, whose mind is always stayed on the same word of the blessed Redeemer.

[THE END.]

For the Aurora.

OMENS.

BY MRS. J. N. PAGE.

"Drop the curtains a little lower, Ella dear" said Mrs. Ware—"Now arrange the pillows so that I can easily see your face while you study."

"Oh! the weary hours of suffering and pain, the dreary wakeful nights?"

"Is there any thing more I can do for you now" said Ellen,

Oh! no, thank you dear, I am so glad you can watch with me to night. The sight of your firm cheerful face, helps me to bear my sufferings—but I see it is eleven o'clock and I have kept you too long waiting on me—you wish to prepare your lesson for to-morrow, I will keep very still that you may learn them well.

Ella took her Mental Philosophy and sitting near the stand where Mrs. Ware (who was in the last stages of a dangerous and fatal illness) might

look full in her face, soon became deeply engrossed in the subject of spectral illusions.

After trying for nearly half an hour to sleep, Mrs. Ware said to Ella, "Please study loud;" and Ella began in reviewing style to enumerate the illusions of sight, touch and sound, giving in her own simple language, the meaning of the Author.

Do you really believe persons never see real, live spirits, or hear sounds, or see light? (supernatural ones I mean) warning us of danger, bereavement or death.

"I am sure" said Ella, that we should be very cautious in receiving testimony from others and even that of our own senses, on a subject about which there must necessarily be so

much doubt, and which so immediately concerns our happiness."

"You think then, with your author, said Mrs. Ware, that all are phantoms of the imagination, formed from a combination of visible objects. I was early taught, said Ella, if I saw or heard anything, supposed to be supernatural, to investigate it by means of several senses, and I have never failed under such circumstances to find all the result of easily perceived causes, and I have in this way been saved from much anxiety and fear.

"I know" said Mrs. Ware "that I am on my death bed, and I know in whom I have believed, and cheerfully submit to my Saviour's holy will."

My husband too, in all the glory of early manhood is fast going with consumption, and, our feeble babe cannot long survive us.

All this I know and knowing still can say "O, God thy will be done. But I have a fear which has haunted me from my early youth, from which I would most gladly part."

Many times, even before confined to my bed, at twilight, or amid the darkness of the night, I have trembled lest some, airy figure, some sudden light, or unnatural sound should arrest my frightened senses, and warn me of my swiftly approaching death.

You were in just the frame of mind said Ella, for fancy to produce a spectral illusion, or to frame from simple sounds a spiritual communication. I do not believe the Omnipotent Ruler of the Universe, will tell us company are coming by the dropping of a dishcloth, or that we are

to quarrel because we inadvertantly upset the salt cellar—and a thousand other signs as silly, as wicked, and most baneful in their effects on even a christians heart who will believe in them. It is well, with child-like trust to accept the precepts and promises of the Bible and believe that he who has redeemed us by his precious blood can and will lead us in a safe path to the realms of glory.

We may speculate much about the nature of disembodied spirits but aside from revelation, all is shrouded in mystery and wild conjecture."

"I will try to lay aside this fear" said Mrs. W. I love the sacred scriptures, and my faith and hope reach beyond this vale of tears.

Quiet again resigned in the room, and deep, and silent night in this her mid-night hour, threw her rich drapery of shining gems around the world. But no wandering ray from golden star, or silvery moon found admittance through the closely curtained windows into the room of the studious watcher and sleepless invalid. But suddenly, upon the wall just at the head of the bed where Mrs. Ware reclined, three startlingly loud raps, in regular order were distinctly heard—Ella dropped her book and was starting for the bed when Mrs. Ware in terror whispered—"What I feared has come! Hark! hark!"

Just then three more raps like the first, sounded upon the wall, but now just back of Ella's chair—

"You, too, are called," said Mrs. W. faintly.

Ella quietly bent over and kissed the white lips, saying I do not know

what it is, but fear not, I am sure all is right.

Three more raps, like the preceding now sounded upon the door.

I will leave you a moment said Ella, do not fear I will soon be back

Oh do not go! I beg, I entreat.

It is duty—I will only go the door and see what has frightened us so.

And she went boldly to the hall, drew back the bolt, opened the door, oh, what a glorious sight met her enraptured eyes!

Thousands of suns and worlds moving on in silent grandeur, all harmony, all beauty, all obedient to the potent will God.

“I am in the arms of such a God,” said the happy girl, “and shall I fear?”

Three raps upon the garden fence arrested her attention, and explained the cause of the fright. Careless Frank had left the gate of the lane open and a sober, harmless cow

thought it worth while to feast on the fresh grass that so beautifully ornamented the side of the lane next to the house, so stepping silently upon the tan bark which so thickly covered the drive, she passed on till her brass knobbed horns, by the peculiar movement of the head in biting off the grass, made the three times three successive raps upon the wall and door.

Ella returned smilingly, to explain all to Mrs. Ware.

A few weeks after Mrs. Ware meekly and peacefully passed through the vale of death.

Her husband followed in a few months, and then the little babe.

Thus were the three times three ominous raps, followed by three deaths. Had not Ella solved the mystery, how many might have wonderingly believed and accepted the sign, and thereafter been ready to believe in others, as weak as erroneous.

For the Aurora.

The Genoese Captive.

Once on a time when Bagdad fair,
Ruled the far eastern lands,
And brave Al-Roschild's banner bright,
Shone o'er the Caspian sands,
And commerce stretched her golden band,
From Belgrade to Bassora's land.

One summer eve, when skies were clear

And zephyrs gently bore,
The songs of Islam's devotees,
Along the Tigris' shores;
And gay Sultana's young and fair,
Sought the calm evening's bracing air.

I heard the low sad wail of grief,
Come on the passing gale;
And knew some captive did relate
Her sorrow stricken tale,
Which told of friends, now far away,
She once had known on brighter day.

Oh! once on fair Genoa's strand
She sang—"I sported free,
And tender parents in that land
Once kindly solaced me;
'Till young Hialmer won my heart
And love fixed there his tender dart.

He wooed me where the rolling sea
Washed fair Genoa's walls,
And I the young—the ardent—free
Left my dear father's halls,
And sailed far o'er the billowy tide
My own Hialmer's chosen bride.

But ah! how stern is fate's decree!
The Moslem's armed Cossair
Whelmed all my bliss beneath the sea
And plunged me in despair;
Then brought me to this eastern land
To die beneath oppression's hand.

They showed me lovely palaces
And bowers blooming fair,
And told me, these should all be mine
If I their faith would share,
If I Mahomet's vow would take
And Calvary's bloody Cross forsake.

But not for all the orange bowers
That in fair Persia shine;
Nor for each bright and burning gem

That decks Mohammed's shrine,
Would I abjure the Christian's faith,
My hope--my anchor after death.

No, though in anguish let me stand
Firm, as my cause is just,
Though Captive in the Moslem's land
Not recreant to my trust;
'Till death shall rear his banner here
And free the ransomed prisoner.

Then shall I soar away, away
Where the tempests cease to roar,
Where fairer than Genoa's day
Shall mine be evermore;
And brighter lustre will be mine
Than that which guilds the Caliphs line."

Osyka Miss.

EVANDER.

A Rift in the Cloud.

Andrew Lee came home at evening from the shop where he had worked all day, tired, and out of spirits; came home to his wife, who was also tired and out of spirits.

"A smiling wife, and a cheerful home--what a paradise it would be!" said Andrew to himself, as he turned his eyes from the clouded face of Mrs. Lee, and sat down with knitted brows, and a moody aspect.

Not a word was spoken by either. Mrs. Lee was getting supper, and she moved about with a weary step.

"Come," she said at last, with a side glance at her husband.

There was invitation in the word only, none in the voice of Mrs. Lee.

Andrew arose and went to the table. He was tempted to speak an angry word, but controlled himself, and kept silent. He could find no fault with the chop, nor the sweet, home-made bread, nor the fragrant tea. They would have cheered his inward man, if there had only been a gleam of sunshine on the face of his wife. He noticed that she did not eat.

"Are you not well, Mary?" The words were on his lips, but he did not utter them, for the face of his wife looked so repellant, that he

feared an irritating reply. And so in moody silence, the twain sat together until Andrew had finished his supper. As he pushed his chair back, his wife arose and commenced clearing off the table.

"This is purgatory!" said Lee to himself, as he commenced walking the floor of their little breakfast-room with his hand thrust desperately down into his trousers-pockets, and his chin almost touching his breast.

After removing all the dishes, and taking them into the kitchen, Mrs. Lee spread a green cover on the table, and placing a fresh trimmed lamp thereon, went out, and shut the door after her, leaving her husband alone with his unpleasant feelings. He took a long, deep breath as she did so, paused in his walk, stood still for some moments, and then drawing a paper from his pocket, sat down by the table, opened the sheet, and commenced reading. Singularly enough the words upon which his eyes rested were, "Praise your wife." They rather tended to increase the disturbance of mind from which he was suffering.

"I should like to find some occasion for praising mine." How quickly his thoughts expressed that ill-natured sentiment. But his eyes were on the page before him, and he read on.

"Praise your wife, man; for pity's sake give her a little encouragement; it won't hurt her."

Andrew Lee raised his eyes from the paper, and muttered, "O, yes. That's all very well. Praise is cheap enough. But praise her for what? For being sullen, and making your

home the most disagreeable place in the world?" His eye fell again to the paper.

"She has made your home comfortable, your hearth bright and shining; your food agreeable; for pity's sake tell her you thank her, if nothing more. She don't expect it; it will make her eyes open wider than they have for ten years; but it will her good for all that, and you, too."

It seemed to Andrew as if this sentence were written just for the occasion. It was the complete answer to his question, "Praise her for what?" and he felt it also as a rebuke. He read on further, for thought came too busy, and in a new direction. Memory was convicting him of injustice towards his wife. She had always made his home as comfortable for him as hands could make it, and had he offered the light return of praise or commendation? Had he ever told her of the satisfaction he had known, or the comfort experienced? He was not able to recall the time or occasion. As he thought thus, Mrs. Lee came in from the kitchen, and taking her work-basket from a closet, placed it on the table, and sitting down without speaking began to sew. Mr. Lee glanced almost stealthily at the work in her hands, and saw that it was the bosom of a shirt, which she was stitching neatly. He knew that it was for him that she was at work,

"Praise your wife." The words were before the eyes of his mind, and he could not look away from them. But he was not ready for this yet. He still felt moody and unforgiving.

The expression of his wife's face he interpreted to mean ill-nature, and with ill-nature he had no patience. His eyes fell upon the newspaper that lay spread out before him, and he read the sentence:

"A kind, cheerful word, spoken in a gloomy home, is like the rift in a cloud that lets the sunshine through."

Lee struggled with himself a while longer. His own ill-nature had to be conquered first; his moody, accusing spirit had to be subdued. But he was coming right, and at last got right, as to will. Next came the question as to how he should begin. He thought of many things to say, yet feared to say them, lest his wife should meet his advances with a cold rebuff. At last, leaning towards her, and taking hold of the linen bosom upon which she was at work, he said, in a voice carefully modulated with kindness,

"You are doing the work very beautifully, Mary."

Mrs. Lee made no reply. But her husband did not fail to observe that she lost, almost instantly, that rigid erectness with which she had been sitting, nor that the motion of her needle-hand ceased.

"My shirts are better made, and whiter than those of any other man in our shop," said Lee, encouraged to go on.

"Are they?" Mrs. Lee's voice was low, and had in it a slight huskiness. She did not turn her face, but her husband saw that she leaned a little towards him. He had broken

through the ice of reserve, and all was easy now. His hand was among the clouds, and a few feeble rays were already struggling through the rift it had made.

"Yes, Mary," he answered softly, "and I've heard it said more than once, what a good wife Andrew Lee must have."

Mrs. Lee turned her face towards her husband. There was light in it, and light in her eye. But there was something in the expression of the countenance that a little puzzled him.

"Do you think so?" she asked quite soberly.

"What a question!" ejaculated Andrew Lee, starting up, and going around to the side of the table where his wife was sitting. "What a question, Mary!" he repeated, as he stood before her.

"Do you?" It was all she said.

"Yes, darling," was the warmly-spoken answer, and he stooped down and kissed her. "How strange that you should ask me such a question!"

"If you would only tell me so now and then, Andrew, it would do me good." And Mrs. Lee arose and leaning her face against the manly breast of her husband, stood and wept.

What a strong light broke in upon the mind of Andrew Lee. He had never given to his faithful wife even the small reward of praise for all the loving interest she had manifested daily, until doubt of his love had entered Lee's soul, and made the light around her thick darkness. No won-

der that her face grew clouded, nor that what he considered moodiness and ill-nature took possession of her spirit.

"You are good and true, Mary. My own dear wife. I am proud of you—I love you—and my first desire is for your happiness. O, if I could always see your face in sunshine, my home would be the dearest place on earth."

"How precious to me are your

words of love and praise, Andrew," said Mrs. Lee, smiling up through her tears into his face. "With them in my ears, my heart can never lie in shadow.

How easy had been the work for Andrew Lee. He had swept his hand across the cloudy horizon of his home, and now the bright sunshine was streaming down, and flooding that home with joy and beauty.

For the Aurora.

The Visions of Youth.

There steals o'er my memory fair visions of youth
When life held her treasures of love, hope, and truth;
In hours of sad musings, in life's evening calm,
Those fair visions come, with sweet soothing balm.

In the glad happy hours, with heart light and gay
And wild springing step I danced on my way;
The friendship's that bound me in ties true and strong
I thought would be lasting, ne'er severed by wrong.

I dreamed not those bright hours, would ee'er pass away
Or that the beautiful could ever decay:
The bright glowing future, was stamped on my heart
In fancy's gay colors, that ne'er would depart.

As I sadly awakened, borne down on life's stream,
How sad was the real, compared with the dream:
I found how delusive, were those vision so fair,
How fleeting the charm, that life's pleasures wear.

Oh! where is the love that hath lightened my care
When fond ones were near me—I vainly ask where?
Not on earth shall I find it to cheer my lone heart
It awaits me in Heaven, whence it nee'r shall depart.

And the hope that was light, and as buoyant as air
Now lingers no more around youth's visions fair;
But lifts my tried soul to that haven above
Where hope folds her pinions in mansions of love

'Tis true that life's spring-time will nee'r come again,
And its visions of pleasure were fleeting and vain;
Yet I love to recall from the mists of the past,
The pictures that memory will hold to the last.

S.

Love Words—"Thine Alone."

BY W. R. GULLEY.

Matchless eve, with modest grace
Had drawn a veil on nature's face—
And lulled the flowers a dreaming;
While through the ether, dim and far,
Fell rays of light, from star to star,
Soft through the twilight beaming.

And while the scene still glowed above,
My heart was filled with rapturous love,—
And blest the silent eventide;
But oh! my bosom rose and fell,
With love and hope, I dare not tell,
As far we wandered side by side.

Yet silence oft with magic art,
Will speak the longings of the heart,
With language of the deepest tone—
And brighter seemed the stars to shine

As I clasped her hand in mine
And heard her whisper "thine alone."

Oh! mortal ear hath never heard
The music of a sweeter word
With accents purer, "thine alone,"
Or felt the heaving of the power,
That thrilled my soul in that soft hour,
With joy so deep, before unknown.

Though passed away that hour of bliss,
Yet often on an eve like this,
Come back the accents and the tone,
Again I clasp that hand in mine,
Again I feel the thrill divine,
And catch those love words "thine alone."

Written For The Aurora.

ELLEN'S INHERITANCE.

BY JULIA SOUTHALL.

(Continued from page 456.)

There were three sets of cousins. cordingly. Intense pride of family The heiress, Hortense Rutledge, Eu- was a distinguishing trait in the Rut- genia and Lydia Livingston, the ledge family, but while it degenera- daughters of Hortense's guardian, ted into purse proud haughtiness and Leigh, Edwin, and Lillian Scar- with the Livingstons and Scarbo- borough, who resided one or two roughs, the Rutledges acknowledged miles from Ingleside at Flowersdale, no aristocracy save that comprised their beautiful seat. in goodness, intellect and family.

These cousins were all of a wealth and aristocratic family, being of contempt upon the manners and among the few American families morals of the Livingstons, but as they dwelt with her at her own desire, and she seldom if ever displayed who can truly boast of their ancestors, and they valued themselves accordingly.

her real feelings, their intercourse was easy and uninterrupted. But Hortense was alone, so far as any real sympathy was concerned. They could neither understand nor appreciate her.

On the evening of which I write, the child went down the winding walk with her usual proud even tread, firm, but light, and with a singular gracefulness, till she entered the beautiful garden. Like the park, its arrangement had nothing prim or precise in it, but the graveled walks twisted gracefully in and out among the flower beds, now covered over by grape-vines and running plants which occasionally leaped across the path from tree to tree; now only half shaded by shrubs and trees, and again bathed in the rich light of a summers sun.

Hortense broke flower after flower as she went on, and when her lap was quite filled with bright blossoms she sat down by the artificial lake at the foot of the garden.

The setting sun flushed her bright tresses with a reddish gold, and added a rosy tinge to her pale cheek, leaving a path of scarlet and gold across the lake. She twisted a wreath of delicate fern-leaves that grew in emerald tufts upon the bank and placed them like a coronel upon her sun-bright hair; then her hands were folded idly in her lap, and her rich blue eyes wandered from the gorgeous clouds of silver white that were fringed around the rugged edges with bright gold, upon a background of scarlet and purple, to the rose-colored waters of the lake.

She made a beautiful picture, half

reclining on the green bank, so pure and bright, with the sun-flush upon her gold hair, and her pale green dress lying in delicate folds around her.

So thought another occupant of the garden, as she stood half concealed by the luxuriant foliage. After watching the glowing picture awhile she parted the shrubbery and came towards Hortense, folding up a letter that rustled in her hands. Hortense rose to her feet, scattering the lapful of flowers in the lake, which dimpled and circled, breaking the rosy light in radiant patches on its bosom.

"Sit down, my dear," said the elder lady, sinking indolently upon the bank. "I wish to speak with you."

"Do you?" replied Hortense, mechanically, her gaze returning to the sunset clouds.

"Do I?" said the lady, smiling a little impatiently, as she laid her small, white hand upon the child's arm.

She was very beautiful, having an elegant figure, pure red and white complexion, large, hazel eyes, singularly brilliant, and luxuriant tresses of golden brown. Her age was probably twenty-seven or eight, though her appearance indicated little more than half that age, so youthful, yet womanly, was her form and face.

"I received a letter from Mr. Livingston, this morning," she continued, "and it contained information which surprised me, as it will you, my dear."

"Indeed!" said Hortense gently, evincing no curiosity as to the information which would so greatly surprise her.

Mrs. Rutledge looked at her quickly, and a slight frown passed over her face.

"Yes," she replied, after a pause. "He announces the death of a cousin of his, who leaves him the pretty sum of a hundred thousand pounds, on condition of his supporting, during her life, a girl near your age, whom he hints is an illegitimate daughter of the deceased. As his ward he is bringing her here, and will establish her at Ingleside; so you will have a companion of whom I cannot approve. I beg you, my dear, to write to your uncle Charles that you cannot and will not permit the girl to take up her residence here."

"But, madam, I know no reason why she should not come," said Hortense, raising her eyes to her aunt's face in a sort of haughty surprise. "And even if I wished to do as you request, I am not my own mistress, as yet. My uncle can do as he likes about it."

"Then you refuse to write, as I desire?"

"Certainly."

"Then I say you shall!" said Mrs. Rutledge, all the temper of her race flashing in her eyes.

Hortense looked up. Her blue eyes glittered with more than usual scorn, yet blended with it something of surprise, at being so addressed.

"You say truly," said Mrs. Rutledge. "You are not your own mistress yet."

"You, at least, have no control over me," replied Hortense, with cold haughtiness. "I will admit whom I please in my own house."

Mrs. Rutledge gave a quick, side

long glance at the curling lip and clenched her teeth for anger, but she replied, with a light laugh: "I beg pardon, little Queen. I did forget this was your kingdom. Let us go in, Hortense; the dew is falling."

Hortense Rutledge walked up the shaded walk, in which the twilight shades were gathering, with the even, queenly step habitual to her, but her heart was in a tumult of excitement. "Perhaps she will love me! Perhaps she will love me!"

Lonely young heart! craving love—love, in the midst of all its wealth and splendor.

Early next morning Hortense Rutledge walked up and down the terrace upon which opened one of the doors of the drawing-room. It was her favorite walk, and this her favorite hour, and that old stone terrace echoed to her foot-falls while the rising sun had not yet chased away the night-shadows.

Hortense was lonely. She wanted some one to love, and she awaited impatiently the hour when her uncle's new ward should arrive. A gay young voice sang musically an old ballad, and the parlor door swung aside, disclosing the figure of a child, perhaps fourteen years of age, Eugenie Livigston.

"Dear me, Hortense! how can you stand this chilling air!" she cried, springing lightly upon the terrace beside her cousin.

Eugenie, or Genie, as she was most frequently called, was very handsome more so than Hortense. Joined to a complexion, and singularly beautiful hair, deep, rich—auburn, were eyes of a rich, dark, brown, shaded

by lashes black as midnight, but tinged, at the edges, with a golden bronze. She folded her blue mantle around her dainty shoulders, which shrugged at the fresh, cool wind.

"To me it is the pleasantest part of the day," replied Hortense, with the cold, bright smile that had gained her, among her cousins, the soubriquet of "Moon-beam."

"Well, what do you think of the new 'cousin' that Aunt Edith says is coming to day?"

"As I have never seen her, I cannot form an opinion," replied Hortense.

"Dear me, Hortense! how circum-spect you are! You are cut out for a real old maid, I declare!" said Genie, tossing back the rich red ringlets from her brow.

"I have often thought the same," remarked Hortense, quietly. "How came you up so soon, Eugenie?"

"Oh! I happened to wake, and looked out the window. Everything looked so fresh and fair (yourself included,) that I could not resist the temptation to be with you. But let us go in, do, Haughty."

"Haughty" was the soubriquet given to Hortense in consequence of her stately pride; first abbreviating her name to "Horty," afterwards called Haughty.

The two girls went into the house where they found the breakfast-table spread, and Mrs. Rutledge herself seated by the urn, looking delicate and girlish as ever, in her plain white wrapper, her brown hair parted smoothly over the white forehead. They sat down, and after a short time Lydia Livingston came in.

She was a pretty blonde, with golden hair hanging in short, tangled curls around the fair face with its little, pouting petulant mouth and blue, sleepy eyes. Though but two months younger than Hortense, her small figure and fairy features made her appear at least a year younger. She floated, rather than walked in, gracefully, but languidly, for Lydia was as remarkable for her laziness as her beauty.

Breakfast passed off, and the three cousins gathered in the front room, looking eagerly for the expected guests, one of whom was to be their future companion. At last they came.

Mrs. Rutledge entered in an unusually quick manner, as the carriage rolled down the long avenue, and a slight frown contracted the smooth white brow.

The three girls anxiously awaited Mr. Livingston's appearance. He came in, soon leading by the hand his ward, Ellen Bryanstone. Clad in deep mourning, she looked even paler than usual, and the luxuriant mass of black curls that half concealed her face, and the large, liquid, black eyes, were the only things that gave color to the marble-like picture. The corners of her mouth drooped downward, as did also the outer corners of her soft almond-shaped eyes, as if oppressed with melancholy.

"This," said Mr. Livingston, leading her toward her future companions, "this is Ellen Bryanstone, your cousin—My dear, speak to your cousins."

At the name of "Bryanstone," Mrs. Rutledge started violently, but

composed herself at once, coming forward with the half womanly, half girlish manner, which in her was so attractive, to bid the orphan welcome.

Genie looked at the little, timid creature half contemptuously, but she was not a bad hearted girl, and she welcomed Ellen as cordially as she knew how. Lydia and Hortense were both better pleased with her appearance, and Hortense led her from the room, remarking her wearied looks.

"This is to be your room," she said, smiling, as they entered a beautiful little bed-chamber. "It is opposite my own, and I had it fitted up for you, against you came."

Ellen looked around in pleased surprise. Singularly enough, Hortense had somehow fancied that Ellen's personal appearance was totally different from her own, and had selected warm, rich colors in the drapery. The large, recessed windows were shaded by curtains of a rich purple hue, gleaming through a fall of cloud-like lace, held back by a small, beautifully carved ivory hand. Two pictures, one a moon light scene in a southern sea; the other, a sketch so life like that the green mossy foliage, festooned with brilliant parasitical plants, which shaded the cool shadowy streams seemed inviting to repose and solitude. A small, but exquisite piano, covered with a drapery of purple and black, stood in one corner, and a little rosewood secretary was supplied with writing implements, and the shelves filled with well-selected books.

"You are very kind," said Ellen,

her black eyes slowly filling with tears.

"You must not be a stranger among us, replied Hortense, unconsciously discarding the haughtiness of tone and manner which had become habitual to her. "I have anxiously awaited your coming, that I might have some one to love. I am very lonely, Ellen."

She had said more than she intended, but her companion gave her no time for reflection, for Ellen threw her arm around her neck and wept unrestrainedly.

"Oh! love me, do love me!" cried the orphan. "I have no one but you now."

"I do love you, indeed I do!" said Hortense, wiping the tears from Ellen's face. "You are weak and tired, now, but we will remain here, by ourselves, until you are quite rested. See, I will draw this sofa here by the window; you must lie here, and I will sit by you. From this window you can see all over the park."

Is not Ingleside a lovely place? I feel proud, sometimes, that it is mine. Why do you weep?"

"I thought of my island-home," answered Ellen "Ingleside is most lovely, but I miss the splendor of the tropic forests, the fragrance of the Southern air."

"Tell me," said Hortense. "How is it that your father gave nearly all his property to uncle Livingston? If he had loved you, he surely would have provided for your comfort."

"My father!" repeated Ellen. "Why, I had no father. Listen"

She told Hortense how she and her foster brother were cast upon the

island, and of Lord Bryanstone's kindness to them.

"The title," she continued, "reverts to some relative in England, but there was a will, which left something to Max, and Mr. Livingston, but the bulk of the property was mine. Don't speak of this, Hortense, I beseech you. I don't care for the money. Let it go."

"How wicked! Ellen, to think he is my guardian! Are you not mistaken?"

Ellen shook her head mournfully.

"I don't know, I may be, but if I am right, I have no way to prove it. The lawyer who drew the will is in Mr. Livingston's employ, and the minister who was here has since gone to Africa, as a missionary. Besides, I am a mere child, and can do nothing. Instead of being an heiress, my inheritance, it seems, is sorrow and disgrace."

Hortense had told her that Mrs. Rutledge thought her Lord Bryanstone's daughter.

"Don't let this trouble you, dear Hortense," she said, seeing tears in her cousin's eyes. "We are both children, and life has many bright years in store for you—even for me."

From that time they were much together, and Hortense's acquaintances wondered at the great affection which existed between the shy, dark child, whose reputed parentage every one managed to find out, and the proud young heiress, whose ancestry was without a stain.

Ellen was far from being happy in her new home. Lydia liked her, but was too indolent and careless to show it. Genie regarded her with

perfect indifference, the only feeling she felt for her being a sort of contemptuous pity, and Mrs. Rutledge disliked and avoided her. To one of Ellen's peculiarly sensitive and affectionate nature, this was almost insupportable, but she looked upon Hortense and saw that she, too, was alone, in all her wealth and pride, and she learned to hide her sorrow, as she did.

As for Mr. Livingston, he returned to the South, as usual, (for he made only annual visits to his family, unless driven by self interest,) rejoicing at the "lucky chance" which enabled him to defraud the orphan child entrusted to his care.

CHAPTER VI.

The Scarboroughs came over to Ingleside, the first of July, the Colonel and Mrs. Scarborough in their elegant coach and four, the young people on horse back.

Ellen Bryanstone and her appearance were duly discussed, and an unfavorable opinion excited by her awkward timidity and embarrassment. She, on her side was not attracted to the Scarboroughs. The parents were replete with the hereditary pride of the Rutledge family, and the children saw but little of her. There was a great difference in the appearance of the Scarborough children, and still greater in their manners and dispositions.

Leigh, the oldest, was a handsome, spirited boy, gay, almost thoughtless, in his manners, and a general favorite, but to one well skilled in

reading human hearts there appeared too much of pride in the contemptuous curl of his lip, and of smothered fire in the frank open eye.

Edwin Scarborough was not less handsome than his brother, but his was that dark, oriental beauty, which in some is so attractive. "Darkly delicate" in complexion, with large, deep, black eyes, soft and melting, flashing, brilliant, and changing with his mood; a mouth of exquisite beauty, and glitteringly white teeth giving a peculiar brilliancy to his rare smile. Haughty, reserved, and melancholy in disposition, he attracted and repelled, at the same time.

Lillian was a delicate, sylph-like child, with a pearly skin, soft, dark hazel eyes, and a wealth of sunny curls. Her disposition was as fair as her face.

Hortense proposed to her cousins a horse-back ride to the Chesapeake Bay, which was scarcely four miles from Ingleside. Her plan was instantly approved, and the horses brought to the door. Before they set out, however, more visitors arrived, and these joined the equestrian party. They were Joseph and Mary Saltone, from the neighborhood, and John and Henry Carstone, their playmates and cousins.

Ellen looked at the beautiful horses, and the throng of happy, richly clad children, and the tears rose in her eyes. She could not join them, for there was no horse provided for her, and she was not prepared to go, if there had been. All the little girls were provided with a youthful cavalier, but herself. She was one

too many in that gay crowd, and at that moment she felt like one too many in the world. There had been scarcely a word addressed to her that morning, and it seemed as if Hortense, like the rest had forgotten her.

As she shrunk back in the shadow of the curtains, Eugenie and Joseph Saltone came through the room. Genie's white skin and rich red curls looking all the more beautiful in her riding dress of blue, laughing and jesting together as happy children do. After them came Mary Saltone and Leigh Scarborough, Lydia and Henry Carstone, Lillian and John, finally, Hortense and Edwin. Hortense looked beautifully fair, in her habit of green, her favorite hue, and her soft, bright tresses put up under the jaunty hat, with its long, green plume.

"Where is Miss. Bryanstone?" asked Joseph Saltone. "She is going, of course; is she not?"

"I think not!" replied Genie, carelessly tossing her red ringlets. "I should not, if I were her."

"Why not?" persisted Joseph. "She is such a nice little girl. I like her, I tell you! and I wish she would go."

How Ellen's sensitive heart throbbed with surprise and delight! Joseph Saltone was a favorite with her from the time he spoke those simple words. Greater effects have risen from smaller causes, and it was a era in Ellen's life.

"Going! of course she is," said Hortense. "I expected to find her here. Do you all go on, and I'll find Ellen and overtake you with Edwin."

No objection being made the gay children withdrew, and Ellen came out from the curtain.

"Dear Hortense, I cannot go with you to day," she said, blushing deeply, "and I am sorry you stayed for me."

"Not go! Indeed, you must, Nellie. Don't say anything more, but come up stairs and get ready. Indeed, Ellen, it would not look well in you to remain at home."

Ellen made no further objection, and they ascended the stairs. Hortense quickly arrayed Ellen in the riding-habit prepared for her, and fastened the black ringlets under the pretty hat. Ellen mentally contrasted the pale, plain face which sickness and sorrow had altered so much, with the fair, proud face, its fine blue eyes sparkling, its peach-bloom cheeks deepened with animation, and sighed.

Edwin Scarborough waited for them in the hall below, and when Hortense came out and sprang so lightly on her snow-white steed, he joined with Ellen in thinking her the perfection of childish grace and beauty. He turned to the little fragile figure that lacked the airy grace of Hortense with no less attention and care.

"So you tried to give us the slip, cousin Ellen?" he said, as they cantered off in pursuit of the rest. "You are not fond of company, I believe. Are you?"

All the gloom and reserve fled before that magic smile, so rare and bright, and Ellen smiled as she replied.

"Oh! no, I don't like it at all. I could live in solitude all my life,

and not regret it. I cannot sympathize with Alexander Selkirk. To me his lonely isle would be paradise."

"I am fond of being alone," observed Hortense, "but I should not like it to be alone always, nor involuntarily. What I do must be of my own free will."

"I am fond of society;" said Edwin.

"You!" exclaimed Hortense, "you fond of society! Ellen, don't believe him. He is proverbial for his gloomy ways, and haughty reserve, save on special occasions, like the present."

A shadow, scarcely to be called a frown, stole over the brow of the proud boy, and dull blackness to his eyes.

"I might remind you of the old proverb, cousin, those who live in glass houses should not throw stones," he said, "but one may be in society and yet be alone. I dearly love to study the faces around me."

They did not talk much, after that, Edwin appearing moody and reserved and they rode more quickly, in order to overtake the rest. They soon heard laughter and loud talking, and, on riding up, they found the advance party standing in front of a modest cottage, having dismounted in order to gather the ripe, tempting peaches growing just inside the white paling. The house was small, and built of logs, a picturesque piazza extending the whole front length of the cottage. The posts that supported the roof, being planted at regular intervals, were of smooth, polished hickory, and adorned with clinging vines, honeysuckles, morn-

ing-glories, crimson star-cypress, and climbing roses, that twisted their green leaves and brilliant flowers round the pillars, and spread thickly, all over the roof, now clustering in luxuriant richness, now drooping their waving tendrils gracefully from the eaves. A short, graveled walk led from the gate to the house, on either side of which spread a carpet of velvety grass, not laid out in regular beds, but adorned with flowery shrubs, planted here and there, as if in imitation of natural growth, with now and then a fine shade tree, or an evergreen, boxwood, holly, cedar, spruce-pine. There was a clump of sassafras trees, completely over-run by a gigantic grape-vine, interspersed with muscadines, which formed a magnificent crown at the top, and a cool, shady arbor beneath. There were square, flat rocks in it, for seats. The gate itself, at which the children stood, looked like a triumphal arch, with an iron band bent in a graceful bow across the top, from either post, and transformed to a brilliant garland by the load of wreathing cypress and morning-glories which it supported.

"Who *does* live in this fairy cottage!" cried Joseph Saltone, enthusiastically. "Is its owner sylph or fairy?"

"Neither," said Genie, laughing. "It belongs to a Mr. Darrell, but is rented by old farmer Bloom."

"He has a pretty daughter, though," said Lillian Scarborough, who keeps the place in this beautiful order. You would scarcely recog-

nise the house, had you seen it when they rented it."

"I declare," laughed Leigh, "old Darrell ought to let them remain, rent-free, two years, at the very least, to pay for the improvements they have made."

"But where are they all?" said Henry Carstone. "The house is all open, and no one nigh. Some one might be tempted to invade the premises."

"There is nothing tempting enough, I fancy!" observed Mary Saltone, tossing back her chestnut curls.

"What is the young lady's name?" asked John Carstone.

"Who?" asked Genie, innocently.

"The young lady of the cottage," replied Joseph.

"Oh! you mean old Bloom's daughter. She has quite a grandiloquent name, Magnolia, only the old folks spoil it by calling her Mag, and Nolly."

"Magnolia Bloom!" laughed Mary. "They should have called her apple-blossom, at once."

"Magnolia Bloom! What a beautiful name!" said Ellen, her soft black eyes roving admiringly over the tasteful grounds. She spoke unconsciously, absorbed in admiration.

Mary Saltone looked at her in scornful surprise, and Genie laughed.

"That is just like Ellen," she remarked, "Anything odd is beautiful with her."

"You have good taste, Miss Nellie," said Joseph Saltone. "The name suits the place admirably. It

literally nothing *but* bloom, I have fancied Magnolia Bloom to be a slight, fairy-like being, with golden hair and bright blue eyes, lips and cheeks like the roses that cluster so plentifully around the door."

At this moment a sweet, rich voice

was heard in the house, singing the refrain of a popular song, and presently a young girl of Ellen's age came out on the piazza.

"That is Magnolia Bloom," said Hortense.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Friends Out Of Sight.

une—Why, oh why my heart, this sadness?

BY MRS. SHINDLER.

Why should we be sad and lonely,
Why should grief our bosoms swell?
Why should we think our friends are only
The friends who on this poor earth dwell?

Is there not a Friend and Brother
Ever walking by our side,
Who more than father is or mother?
Who, for the love he bore us, died?

May not angels round us hover
Guarding us by night and day,
And watching thus their loved ones over
To keep them in the perfect way!

Ne'er of loneliness complaining
Should the christian pilgrim be,
When every day he may be gaining
New friends he cannot hear or see.

In the silent midnight hours,
In the mornings cheerful light,
Or when the evening shuts the flowers,
These friends are round us, "out of sight."

Poor Exiles.

Tune—Dearest spot of earth.

MRS. S. B. DANA SHINDLER.

Hark ! hear the Savior's gentle voice,
It calls, come home !
No longer make the world your choice,
Come home ! come home !
Break the ties that long have bound thee,
Leave the foes who confound thee,
Fly the dangers that surround thee,
Come home ! come home !

Let childhood, youth, and hoary age,
Come home, come home !
Fear not the storms that round you rage,
Come home, come home !
Bid farewell to earth's vain folly,
Come to Me, the Meek and Lowly,
Can make you pure and holy,
Come home, come home !

Among my people you may dwell,
Come home, come home !
Rest in the church I love so well,
Come home, come home !
For that church I once hung bleeding,
Now in heaven interceeding,
For her welfare I am pleading,
Come home, come home !

From the Western Harp, a collection of sunday music for the piano: now in press, and soon to be issued by O. Ditsen, of Boston; for MRS. S. B. DANA SHINDLER.

For the Aurora.

Home again—how my heart leaps up at the thought. Free again, from the cold rules of formality; free to wander where and when I will. Home—what changes there have been since I first called it thus. Three years! how much of joy or sorrow may fill that little space of time! It was winter when we first gazed upon these broad fields. The forests were cold and bare; the little streams were locked in icy chains; and there seemed little to endear the then dreary scene to our hearts. But the spring-time came, the glad, glorious spring-time. The little birds came back to their leafy bowers breathed fragrance from hillside and glen, and the brooks took up their old, sweet murmurings.

Then how we rejoiced in the golden sunshine, we “sisters three” and “cousins dear,”—we men and women in stature, but children in hearts. How we bounded over the green sward—how we laughed and sang along the winding paths of the “dim old woods.” Now we followed the meanderings of the brook which bubbled up beneath the shadows of the great elm, close by the home-roof—now we leaped its banks and scrambled up the hillside to pluck some distant and therefore lovely flower; or we seated us upon some moss-grown rock, and related some memories of the past and lands far away. Wherever the beautiful and curious were blended there we wandered. I

remembered well the “old furnace,” to which we went one day; a long, winding path it was, over hill and through valley, beneath the arches of old oaks. Gaily streamed the sunshine through the leaves—merrily flitted bright birds from branch to bough, as they trilled sweet lays, in unison with our own spirits. We reached a stream at last, whose chrystal waters rivaled the shining pebbles and smooth rocks which formed its bed. We followed this for a little way, when a brown stone town came into view.

A score of years had passed away since the clash of machinery and voices of men had echoed here, so now it seemed a solitary place indeed. There were fragments of machinery and piles of cinders scattered around, revealing the industry which had once made a place of some note. Such a lovely scene as surrounded us where we were seated upon a high mound near the town. Upon one side was a lofty cliff at whose base the stream was quietly wending—green woods encircled all else, and above the blue sky smiled peacefully!

What a field for imagination!—mine was picturing strange images. Now the town near me seemed only the part of an ancient castle, which had long ago crumbled away. There, imagination whispered, dwelt loving hearts, the walls echoed to the music of happy voices, gay-hearted youths wandered over these hills and val-

leys, bright eyes glanced upon the scenes which you now admire, and throbbing hearts leaped as yours, to the beautiful in nature.

Well, the summer passed away, "and the mellow pomp of the rainbow woods" startled us into the knowledge that Time was passing—

passing away. One golden autumn day I went away, and found other friends and friendships, yet in my heart were memories of *home*, pictures all bright and faithful images which I yearned again to see.

ELOISE.

LETTER TO YOUNG LADIES.

MY DEAR GIRLS: A friend of yours, not long since hinted to me the possibility that some of you might belong to that class appropriately denominated *idle young ladies*, and suggested the propriety of my addressing to you a letter on the subject, with a view of trying to induce you to change your habits. Now I can scarcely believe there is any foundation in fact for his suspicion; and though I do not doubt the sincerity of his friendship for you, yet it accords better with my own feelings to attribute his fears on this subject to the workings of an overwrought imagination, than to suppose it even possible that any of the dear girls for whom I write should belong to such a worthless class of human beings. Yet we all know that individuals belonging to the class of idle young ladies, may be found in almost every community, especially in our large towns and cities; and I presume you will have no objection to my describing them

to you, and telling you what I think of them, as you doubtless have as little respect for them as I have.

The idle young lady generally arouses herself from her slumbers about the time the rest of the family take their seats at the breakfast table. Some fifteen minutes after all are through she completes a very indifferent toilet, descends to the breakfast-room, grumbles because the beef-steak is cold, finds fault with the biscuit and the coffee, and gets sour looks from the servants, who wish to be eating their own breakfast that they may be ready to begin the business of the day. From the breakfast room she proceeds to the parlor, thrums over a few pieces on the piano, or lounges on the sofa till the house-maid has set every thing to rights up stairs. She then returns to her chamber, picks up a novel, throws herself on the lounge and reads and dreams for the next two hours. Then she gets up and dresses, goes down to receive a morning call,

spends a half hour in hearing and telling idle gossip, returns to her room, and as it is not quite time for the dinner bell to ring, she sits down and takes a few stitches upon a piece of embroidery. After dinner she goes to her room, takes off her dress and lies down for a nap, sleeps till after three o'clock, then rises and begins again the process of dressing; finds some articles of her apparel out of repair, and asks her mother in a petulant tone, why she has not seen that those things were attended to. About four o'clock she is ready to promenade the streets, and act as a walking advertisement of the skill of her milliner and dress maker, till dusk. Then she returns home, eats her supper, goes into the parlor, plays, sings, simpers and talks nonsense for the entertainment of one or more of the other sex, quite as idle and worthless as herself, until eleven or twelve o'clock at night. And this day is a fair specimen of her aimless life. Sometimes she has companions in her idleness at home, and sometimes she pursues the same course, with a little variation, abroad. But day after day, and month after month passes without her putting forth any effort to be useful to any human being. So far from trying to relieve her mother of some portion of her numerous cares, she will not even cheer her under them by kind words and respectful behaviour. Her smiles are not for the family circle, but are put on with other ornaments, when she wishes to make a display. Now my candid opinion is that such a young lady will never make a *true* woman, and I pity from

the bottom of my heart, the luckless wight who may be entrapped into doing such a foolish thing as to marry her. What sort of a wife and mother will she make? Alas! for her husband and children, and alas for herself, if she should ever thoughtlessly assume those sacred relations. She has no domestic habits. She scorns the idea of being useful. Extravagance and folly are the occupation of her life; and what but unhappiness and ruin could she bring into the home of him who should choose her as a companion?

If idle young ladies were found only in the homes of the affluent the evil would be far less than it now is. Yet even there such a course is inexcusable. Time and the capacity for usefulness are sacred trusts for the employment of which God will hold every rational being accountable, and it will be but a miserable plea to enter at the bar of final judgment for refusing to employ those talents, that our daily bread did not depend upon their use. No amount of earthly possessions can excuse a human being from using the time and abilities God has given, in the manner which he directs. "Six days shalt thou labor and do all thy work" is a command just as binding as any other in the decalogue.

But it is too true that we find idle young ladies, not only in the mansions of the rich, but perhaps quite often in the homes of those in moderate circumstances, and here their inconsistency and folly are still more apparent.

I know a young lady who refuses to aid her mother in any of her do-

estic duties, who scorns to do her own plain sewing, and would think quite impossible for her to take the charge of her own chamber, whose father is dependent on a salary, and does not even own the house he lives in; and when his debts are taken into the account it becomes exceedingly doubtful at whose expense she is thus living in idleness and flourishing dry goods. I would not give a fig for forty dozen such young ladies. They are unworthy the name of woman. If all the girls in our country were like them, our prospects for the future would be dark indeed. But fortunately they are not. We have many good, noble and true girls who desire to live to some purpose, and such I conceive to be all those who read the letters of Eugenia. I always think of you as amiable, sensible, industrious, loveable girls, who will one of these days make women of sterling worth, whose influence will be a blessing to the world.

I will here relate for your encouragement some facts which have recently come to my knowledge.

A young gentleman of fine character, fine talents and fine prospects, made a visit to a family in a neighboring town. In this family were two grown up daughters, and younger children too numerous to mention. As their means were limited, in order to educate their numerous family, the parents were obliged to use strict economy at home, and consequently they kept but one servant. This devolved many cares and labors upon the mother. The gentleman arrived in the afternoon, and one of

the young ladies was soon dressed in silk and seated in the parlor to entertain him. The other remained with her mother, assisted her in the preparation of supper and in the arrangement of a chamber for their unexpected guest, and not until every thing was done for the night, and the last little head quietly deposited upon its pillow, did she enter the parlor. And even then she did not deem it necessary to change the neat calico wrapper in which she had been performing her domestic duties. Not taking the visit of the gentleman to herself she was entirely at her ease in his society, and seemed not to think at all about the impression she was likely to make, while her sister was evidently very anxious to make a favorable impression. The next morning the silk-clad sister was early in the parlor and the one in calico, was early flying from nursery to kitchen and from kitchen to breakfast room. The guest departed soon after breakfast, but not until he had found an opportunity to say a few words in an under tone to the industrious girl. In a few weeks a letter came from the young gentleman in which he proposed to visit the family again if it was agreeable to their wishes. He came and on his arrival he inquired for the industrious girl. The result was, in a few months she was removed to a beautiful home of her own. The mother said she could better have spared her other daughter, but it is ever thus, those who can best be spared are least wanted.

The happy husband would tell you to day that he never did a wiser

thing in his life than when he chose
the affectionate daughter, the kind and
helpful sister, and the industrious
young lady, to be the presiding ge-
nius in his earthly paradise.

May such testimony, my dear

girls, be hereafter rendered concern-
ing you.

Your very affectionate friend.

EUGENIA.

Murfreesboro, Sept. 17th.

For the Aurora.

As thy Day is, so shall thy Strength Be

Y LAURIETTA.

Go forth! go forth! on Life's wide sea
With spirit strong and brave,
Furl not a sail, curve not thy course
Before an ebbless wave;
But on onward speed serene and free,
For "as thy day thy strength shall be."

Mourner! whose soul grows faint with fear
At commune with the past,
Oh! hush, for angels, steps are near
Unheard 'mid sorrows blast;
A voice from far is borne to thee,
That "as thy day thy strength shall be."

Spirit! whose chords 'neath Times dark storm
Have lost their sweetest tone,
Though nought of earthly birth can e'er
Give back that music flown;
Look up to Heaven, and thou shalt see
That "as thy day thy strength shall be."

Wake from thy gloom, oh! broken heart,
And list! as soft and clear.
Float angel voices from the skies,
The wearied ones to cheer:
Call forth each slumbering energy,
For "as thy day thy strength shall be."

Worn sufferer ! on the bed of pain
 Fear not the touch of death;
 Look up, look up with eye serene
 Where sweeps no tempest's breath ;
 Smile when thy pinion soareth free—
 For "as thy day thy strength shall be."

Mortal ! though in life's changing way
 Clouds rise and billows roll,
 Ye need not heed the storm without,
 If 'tis not in the soul,
 But look above, and thou shalt see
 That "as thy day thy strength shall be."

Murfreesboro Sept. 8th, 1859.

For the Aurora.

Almost Day.

We watched her through the long, long night,
 In silence and in tears,
 We did not dare to tell our hopes
 Nor would we tell our fears;
 And just before the midnight hour
 Had slowly passed away,
 She raised her weary eyes and sighed
 "Oh ! is it almost day."

"I am so weary of the night,
 So weary of this gloom,
 So weary looking at the lamp
 That hardly lights my room;
 Oh ! come and put the curtain back
 And set the lamp away;
 I see the morning through the blind
 It must be almost day !"

I rose and put the curtain back
 With faint and trembling hands,
 For I knew the morning that she saw
 Broke over Eden lands;
 And as I let the curtain fall
 And weeping turned away,
 I knew that she had gone up home
 Where it is always day.

MATILDA C. SMILEY.

Editor's Port-folio.

The Mother's First Lessons.

"There, Mother'll whip the naughty stool, it shan't hurt her little Willie," and the beautiful boy, of two summers hushed his crying, and opened wide his large eyes, while a glow of satisfaction overspread his features, as he saw chastisement inflicted upon the unconscious object over which he had accidentally stumbled.

A few hours later little Willie is playing upon the door steps, with a negro child some three or four years older than himself. He climbs upon the railing, where he is in danger of falling, and the little negro lifts him gently down. This interferes with Willie's plans and prospects, he screams and strikes the negro on the head with a block. The mother rushes to the scene of action, and without enquiring into the merits of the case, inflicts another blow upon the servant for teasing little Willie.

Time passes on, and Willie receives daily such lessons as these, lessons of revenge more worthy of an untutored savage than of a mother in a christian land. Three years have passed, and the mother is sitting on the back piazza watching the progress of a game of marbles, which Willie is playing with a little servant. Woolly head gets the advantage of flaxen curls in the game,

and the latter hurls a brick-bat at the head of his antagonist. The mother smiles approvingly, and says "the boy has so much spirit! he will never suffer himself to be imposed on."

Willie is sent to school. His teacher, a wise and judicious man, sees the faults of his early education and wishes to correct them, but every effort of his to secure application and subordination, is highly resented by Willie, and Willie's mother declares that no teacher shall ever impose on her child. So Willie is taken from this school and sent to another, and still another, until at last he falls into the hands of a pusillanimous instructor, who for the sake of his money will yield to his waywardness, and allow him to go on as he pleases. From this school he is sent to College, where he soon falls out with his tutor, behaves in such a manner as to bring upon himself the disgust of the Faculty and his fellow-students, and is sent home in disgrace. In her mortification and disappointment, the Mother tries to console herself by saying, no teacher ever could impose on her Willie, and she is glad, for her part, that the boy has so much spirit.

A learned profession Willie must have, even though he can never hope

to be a learned man, so he enters a lawyer's office for the purpose of reading law. The lawyer's clerk is offended at the overbearing disposition and haughty carriage of the petty tyrant, and speaks to him reproachfully, but truthfully of his disgrace at College. The enraged Willie draws a pistol and fires—the lawyer's clerk lies dead at his feet. In the tumult which follows, some friend of the family secretes Willie, and affords him an opportunity for flight. He escapes the gallows, but he wanders a fugitive and a vagabond in the earth, with the mark of Cain upon his brow. He has faithfully practiced his mother's first lessons, and she is reaping what she has sown.

Hon. Horace Mann.

In the death of this distinguished individual, which occurred on the 2nd ult. Society has lost one of its greatest benefactors. Probable no man now living has done so much for the advancement of intellectual culture in America as he. Nor has the influence of his labors been confined to this continent alone. His opinions are cited as authority, not only in the legislatures of the Union, but also in the British Parliament, and they are quoted in reviews and standard educational works. On one occasion a quotation read from one of his published reports, reversed the decision of the common council of London. Mr. Burlingame, who was present at the time, said, when he afterwards

related the circumstance, that he was never before so proud of his country.

Mr. Mann graduated with the first honors at Brown University in 1819. Though his professional career, which continued through a period of fourteen years was remarkably brilliant and successful, though he represented his native State in Congress as the successor of John Quincy Adams, and though he did a noble work while a member of the Legislature of Massachusetts in establishing a State Lunatic Asylum, and setting an example which other states have since followed, yet after all, the great crowning labor of his useful life was performed as Secretary of the Board of Education. In this capacity he visited Europe, and made himself acquainted with the most approved systems of education in the old world, that he might be prepared to correct what was defective in educational systems at home. The improvement in public schools effected through his agency, have caused their influence to be felt through the entire nation, and they will be a blessing to present and future generations.

The history of Horace Mann affords another striking illustration of a truth, which though universally admitted, has less practical influence over parents than it ought to have, namely, that those men who are most useful in life, and most lamented at their death, are, with very few exceptions, those who early in life struggled with adversity—those who inherited no wealth on which to rely. Parents are eager to lay up property for their children, though experience

and observation declare plainly that in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, such possessions prove a curse rather than a blessing. How rarely do the petted children of affluence rear for themselves enduring monuments in the hearts of mankind, by any good they accomplish in life! Even in a pecuniary point of view, those are most likely to be comfortably provided for through life, who early learn to rely on their own energies. Right education, (in which is included the formation of habits of industry, economy and temperance, and the establishment of principles of integrity and virtue, as well as mental cultivation,) should be the great concern of parents who desire the highest welfare of their children. Then the comforts of life will flow naturally enough from that exercise of their talents by which the world is benefitted. The father of Horace Mann died when he was but thirteen years of age, leaving his family in straitened circumstances. But notwithstanding the difficulties which surrounded him, Horace procured for himself the advantages of a thorough education, while the stern and rigid discipline of poverty developed all the energies of his character, and removed far from him those temptations which too often prove fatal to the wealthy student. He was remarkable for the uniform and stern purity of his life, and he was ever an uncompromising enemy of vice and immorality in every form, by whomsoever committed. The following is his own account of his early life. In a letter written long ago to a friend, he says:

"I regard it as an irretrievable misfortune that my childhood was not a happy one. By nature I was exceedingly elastic and buoyant, but the poverty of my parents subjected me to continual privation. I believe in the rugged nursing of Toil, but she nursed me too much. In the winter time I was employed in in-door and sedentary occupations which confined me too strictly; and in summer when I could work on the farm, the labor was too severe, and often encroached upon the hours of sleep. I do not remember the time when I began to work. Even my play days—not play days, for I never had any—but my play-hours were earned by extra exertion, finishing tasks early to gain a little leisure for boyish sports. My parents sinned ignorantly, but God affixes the same physical penalties to the violation of His laws, whether that violation be willful or ignorant. For willful violation there is the added penalty of remorse, and that is the only difference. Here let me give you two pieces of advice which shall be *gratis* to you, though they cost me what is of more value than diamonds. Train your children to work, though not too hard; and unless they are grossly lymphatic, let them sleep as much as they will. I have derived one compensation, however, from the rigor of my early lot. Industry, or diligence, became my second nature, and I think it would puzzle any psychologist to tell where it joined on to the first. Owing to these ingrained habits, work has always been to me what water is to a fish. I have wondered a thousand times to hear

people say, 'I don't like this business;' or, 'I wish I could exchange for that;' for with me, whenever I have had anything to do, I do not remember ever to have demurred, but have always set about it like a fatalist, and it was as sure to be done as the sun is to set.

"What was called the love of knowledge was, in my time, necessarily cramped into a love of books; because there was no such thing as oral instruction. Books designed for children were few, and their contents meagre and miserable. My teachers were very good people, but they were very poor teachers. Looking back to the school-boy days of my mates and myself, I can not adopt the line of Virgil, •

'O fortunatos nimium sua si bona norint.'

I deny the *bona*. With the infinite universe around us, all ready to be daguerreotyped upon our souls, we were never placed at the right focus to receive its glorious images. I had an intense natural love of beauty, and of its expression in nature and in the fine arts. As 'a poet was in Murry lost,' so at least an amateur poet, if not an artist, was lost in me. How often, when a boy, did I stop, like Akenside's hind, to gaze at the glorious sunset; and lie down upon my back, at night, on the earth, to look at the heavens! Yet with all our senses and our faculties glowing and receptive, how little were we taught! or rather, how much obstruction was thrust in between us and nature's teachings! Our eyes were never trained to distinguish forms and colors. Our ears were strangers to music. So far from being taught the art of drawing,

which is a beautiful language by itself, I well remember that when the impulse to express in pictures what I could not express in words was so strong that, as Cowper says, it tingled down to my fingers, then my knuckles were rapped with the heavy ruler of the teacher, or cut with his rod, so that an artificial tingling soon drove away the natural. Such youthful buoyancy as even severity could not repress was our only dancing-master. Of all our faculties, the memory for words was the only one special appealed to. The most comprehensive generalization of men were given us, instead of the facts from which those generalizations were formed. All ideas outside of the book were contraband articles, which the teacher confiscated, or rather flung overboard. Oh, when the intense and burning activity of youthful faculties shall find employment in salutary and pleasing studies or occupations, then will parents be able to judge better of the alleged proneness of children to mischief. Until then, children have not a fair trial before their judges.

"Yet with these obstructions, I had a love of knowledge which nothing could repress. An inward voice raised its plaint forever in my heart for something nobler and better. And if my parents had not the means to give me knowledge, they intensified the love of it. They always spoke of learning and learned men with enthusiasm and a kind of reverence. I was taught to take care of the books we had, as though there was something sacred about them. I never dogeared one in my life, nor

profanely scribbled upon title pages margin, or fly-leaf, and would as soon have stuck a pin through my flesh as through the pages of a book. When very young, I remember a young lady came to our house on a visit, who was said to have studied Latin. I looked upon her as a sort of goddess. Years after, the idea that I could ever study Latin broke upon my mind with the wonder and bewilderment of a revelation. Until the age of fifteen I had never been to school more than eight or ten weeks in a year.

"As to my early habits, whatever may have been my shortcomings, I can still say that I have always been exempt from what may be called common vices. I was never intoxicated in my life—unless, perchance, with joy or anger. I never swore—indeed, profanity was always most disgusting and repulsive to me. And I consider it always a climax. I never used the 'vile weed' in any form. I early formed the resolution to be a slave to no habit. For the rest, my public life is almost as well known to others as to myself: and, as it commonly happens to public men, *others know my motives a great deal better than I do.*

Some three or four years since, while a guest at our house, Rev. Dr. Taylor, of Richmond, related an incident which deeply interested the little circle convened around our fire-side. As nearly as can be remembered the circumstances were as fol-

lows. Dr. T. in his travels was thrown into a stage coach with a well-dressed, genteel-looking young man, who was very talkative, and seemed particularly desirous to draw his fellow passengers into discussion upon the truth of the christian religion. He avowed himself an infidel, and seemed anxious to prove to those who differed with him that the ground of their faith were altogether untenable. Seeming to infer from the Doctor's appearance that he was a clergyman he soon began to address his remarks to him, and endeavor to lead him into an argument. Dr. Taylor avoided discussion, but after listening awhile to his tirade against the Bible and christianity, he remarked: "I have several times in my life met with persons who expressed sentiments similar to yours, but in every instance in which I have become acquainted with their history, I have found that one of two things was true of them; either they are persons who have never examined the evidences of revealed religion, who do not even know what is in the Bible, but reject it without knowing what are its claims to their belief; or, when this is not the case, they are persons who have been religiously educated, and have once believed the Bible, but having subsequently departed from its teachings, and fallen into evil courses they strive to disbelieve the truth that condemns them." The young man's countenance fell, he looked thoughtful and remained silent. They soon came to a depot, and took their seats in a railroad car. The young man was seated by a window at a little distance from the Dr. who observed that he was still silent,

and that tears were chasing each down his cheeks. Presently he took from his pocket a slip of paper and wrote, then rising and reaching across the seats he handed the slip to Dr. Taylor. On the paper were written these words:

"REV. SIR: In your secret devotions, will you please to ask mercy for the stranger, who though he *has been religiously educated*, has now a mountain weight of guilt upon his heart?"

At the next station he departed

the Dr. saw him no more, but it is too much to hope, that in this instance, "a word fitly spoken," was the means of saving a soul. Weeks of argument on the evidences of christianity would doubtless have had less effect on the mind of this young man, than this one direct appeal to the heart. In most cases of error, the head is not so much at fault as the heart, and when this is so efforts to arouse the conscience, rather than to convince the understanding, will be most productive of good.

Book Notices.

MARRIAGE AND THE MARRIED LIFE. By J. M. D. Cates.

Such is the title of a work just issued from the Southwestern Publishing House, which through the kindness of the author, we have been permitted to read. It presents the scriptural and common-sense view of the duties growing out of the marriage relation, and the principles which should govern those who are seeking this relation, in a very clear and forcible manner. We think all those who have entered, or who ever expect to enter the married state, would be interested and profited by its perusal; and as these two classes

include nearly all of the human family, we have no doubt the book will be extensively read. Some views expressed by the author in his chapters on "Unscriptural marriages," and "Evils of Unscriptural marriages," will, no doubt, by many be regarded as extreme, but even here, the scripture arguments by which he attempts to sustain his positions, seem, to say the least of them, quite plausible. His chapters on "The relative duties of Husband and wife," and "Duties of Parents to their children" are excellent. From the latter we make the following extract.

It is true that it requires time and a great deal of patience to teach children according to the directions laid down in the Word of God, and to keep them from evil associates and pernicious influences; but it is much better to take a little trouble, and spend a little time in giving your children instruction which will be beneficial for them in time and in eternity, than to suffer them to wander from place to place, or about the streets with evil-doers, and thus ruin your children, and your own peace and happiness. Oh! think it not irksome or troublesome to lay aside your work or book to teach your dear little child. "For to-day he is at your feet—to-day you can make him laugh; to-day you can make him cry; you can persuade, coax and turn him to your pleasure; you can make his eyes fill and his bosom swell by recitals of good and noble deeds; in short, you can mold him if you will take the trouble. But look ahead some years, when that little voice shall ring in deep bass tones; when that small foot shall have a man's weight and tramp; when a rough beard shall cover that little round chin, and all the willful strength of manhood fill out that little form; then you would give worlds to turn and guide him to your will; but if you lose that key now while he is little, you may search for it carefully, with tears, some other day, and never find it.

Old housekeepers have a proverb, that one hour lost in the morning is never found all day. It has a significance in this case.

One thing is to be noticed about your child, that, rude, and busy, and noisy as he is, and irksome as carpet-rules and parlor-ways are to him, he is still a sociable little creature, and wants to be where the rest of the household are. A room ever so well adapted for play can not charm him at the hour when the family is in reunion; he hears the voices in the parlor, and the play-room seems desolate. It may be warmed by a furnace, and lighted with gas, but it is *human* warmth and light he shivers for; he yearns for the talk of the family, which he is so imperfectly comprehending, and he longs to take his playthings down and play by you, and is incessantly promising that of the fifty improper things which he is liable to do in the parlor, he will not commit one if you will let him stay there.

This instinct of the little one is nature's warning plea—God's admonition. O, how many a mother has neglected it because it was irksome to have the child about, has longed at twenty-five to keep her son by her side, and he would not. Shut out, as a little Arab—constantly told that he is noisy, that he is awkward and meddlesome, and a plague in general—the boy, at last, has found his own company in the streets, in the highways and hedges, where he runs till the day comes when the parents want their son, and sisters brother, and then they are scared at the face he brings back to them, as he comes all foul and smutty from the companionship to which they have doomed him. Depend upon it, if it is too much trouble to keep your

boy in your society, there will be places found for him, warmed and lighted with no friendly fires where he who finds some mischief still for idle boys to do, will care for him if you do not. You may put out a tree and it will grow while you sleep, but a son you can not; you must take trouble for him, either a little now or a great deal by and by."

CATHARINE: By the Author of "Agnes and the Little Key."

Such is the title of a charming little work, written by a clergyman, and designed as a tribute to the memory of a beloved daughter, who in the early dawn of womanhood was called to her rest. After giving a sketch of the last days and the triumphant death of Catherine, the author proceeds to present in a very tender and affectionate manner those truths and consolations which have proved an alleviation to his own sorrow. This volume will be peculiarly acceptable to those who are suffering under bereavement. How well the author is prepared to enter into the feelings of the afflicted may be seen from the following extract:

"At the death of a friend the greatest suffering does not occur immediately upon the event. It comes when the world have forgotten that you have cause to weep; for when the eyes are dry the heart is often bleeding. There are hours--no, they are more concentrated than hours--there are moments when the thought of the lost and loved one who has

perished out of your family circle, suspends all interest in everything else; when the memory of the departed floats over you like a wandering perfume, and recollections come in throngs with it,—flooding the soul with grief. The name, of necessity or accidentally spoken, sets all your soul ajar; and your sense of loss, utter loss, for all time, brings more sorrow with it by far than the parting scene."

ZOOLOGICAL SCIENCE, Or, Nature in Living Forms. By A. M. Redfield.

We are indebted to the kindness of the author for a copy of this truly valuable work. It has been prepared as an accompaniment to the Chart of the Animal Kingdom by the same author, which was published some two years since, and has received the unqualified approbation of the scientific world. This chart "exhibits the Animal Kingdom by means of a tree having four branches, each representing one of the four sub-kingdoms into which it is divided, viz: Vertebrates, Articulates, Mollusks, and Radiates. Each branch puts forth other branches, bearing sub-divisions,—classes, orders, genera and species."

This volume will, no doubt, receive a hearty welcome from those who have already made themselves acquainted with the excellencies of the Chart it is designed to illustrate. The style and arrangement are ad-

mirably adapted to facilitate the progress of the learner. The book contains numerous plates of well executed engravings, many of which are the results of original observations, and can be found in no other. We fully believe that this Chart, with its accompanying volume is better adapted to meet the wants of the student in this department of Natural History than any other work of the kind we have ever seen, and it will be speedily introduced into all the Seminaries of learning where this branch of science is taught.

Teachers wishing to procure copies for examination can address E. B. & E. C. Kellogg, Publishers, 87 Fulton St., New York.

PUBLISHER'S NOTICE.

Should this paragraph meet the eye of any who is owing for the past or present year, we hope they will send on the amount.

Our thanks are due to Rev. W. N. CHAUDON, of Albany Ga., for the kind interest he has taken in the Aurora. We hope that he will not weary in well-doing. Through his influence we have received twenty-four new subscribers from Albany alone. How many of our friends will testify their appreciation of our efforts by doing likewise.

We feel grateful for the kindness of W. A. HAILE, of Texas, and acknowledge the receipt of \$8 for a club of 5 new names.

Also a club of 3 new subscribers, from C. Turner; H. B. Vaughan \$21, for a club of new names, Mrs. S. A.

Vinson, for a club of new names \$8.

To Miss Jane Waters, of Springfield, Mo. we tender our grateful acknowledgment, for her efforts in extending our subscription list in that section. \$30 received for two clubs of new subscribers obtained by her.

Mrs. L. Darden, Turnersville, has our thanks for a club of 5.

We have received the letter of Rev. A. H. BOOTH, Miss., stating that he would soon enter the field in behalf the Aurora. We wish him success, and hope soon to hear good news from him. He is our authorized agent.

Now is the time for the friends of the Aurora to interest themselves in obtaining new subscribers for the coming year. We will take pleasure in reporting the names of those who aid us.

Cosmopolitan Art Journal.

We have just received the September No. of this superb quarterly, which, if possible surpasses its predecessors in artistic appearance and literary contents. The annual payment of three dollars entitles any person to a splendid engraving, the "Art Journal," and a chance in the annual distribution of premiums to the subscribers of the Art Association. Address C. L. DERBY, Dusseldorf Gallery, New York city.

D. Appleton & Co., N. Y., have sent us the announcement of a new work soon to be issued by them, entitled "Fiji and the Fijians," by Thos. Williams and Jas. Calvert, late missionaries to Fiji. It is to be handsomely illustrated; price \$2.50.

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NEW STYLES—Prices from \$50 to \$125. Extra charge of \$5 for Hemmers.

This Machine sews from two spools, as purchased from the store, requiring no re-winding of thread. It hems, gathers, and stitches in a superior style, finishing each seam by its own operation, without recourse to the hand needle, as is required by other machines. It will do better and cheaper sewing than a seamstress can, even if she works for one cent an hour.

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"I am happy to give my testimony in favor of Grover & Baker's Sewing Machine, and of the perfect satisfaction it gives in every respect. It sews neatly, and is by no means complicated, and I prefer it to all others I have seen."—*Mrs. Bryan, wife of Rev. A. M. Bryan, Memphis, Tenn.*

"It affords me much pleasure to say, that the Machine works well; and I do not hesitate to recommend it as possessing all the advantages you claim for it. My wife is very much pleased with it, and we take pleasure in certifying to this effect."—*R. C. Brinkley, Memphis, Tenn.*

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"Having seen, examined, and used many other kinds of Sewing Machines, I feel free to say that the Grover & Baker Machines are far superior to all others in use."—*M. Francois Seltz, Nashville, Tenn.*

"I consider my Sewing Machine invaluable, and would not take five times its cost, if I could not supply its place. With it I can do all my family sewing in about one-fourth the time I could with my hand."—*M. J. Scott, Nashville, Tenn.*

SEND FOR A CIRCULAR.

DR. BARNES' CAMPHORATED EXTRACT OF GINGER.

Warranted not to contain opium in any form.

This remedy is a speedy and certain cure of Summer Complaint, Cholera Morbus, Cramp Colic, Dysentery, and Cholera in their worst forms; and for Nausea, Nervous Debility, and Flatulency, Dysepssia and Sickheadache, it has no superior. Sea-sickness is at once cured by using this Remedy; no one need be troubled with this disagreeable sensation on the roughest sea or in the stormiest weather.

During the prevalence of the Cholera, in the summer of 1849 several thousand bottles of this invaluable remedy were used, and in no instance did it fail of giving immediate relief and effecting a complete cure. It relieves in a few minutes the most painful attack of Cramp Colic. Persons during the excessive heat of summer frequently suffer an unpleasant sensation of fulness after eating, and drinking much cold water: half a teaspoonful of this Extract will relieve them instantly.

The Proprietor of this Remedy would beg leave to say that it is not a new one, just sprung into existence, but that it was used as a curative of Cholera upwards of twenty years ago, and is prepared from a prescription of a celebrated physician, now deceased, and is highly recommended by physicians and others, as the most popular medicine in existence.

Nervous tremors, the result of excess in drinking, it at once allays. It has been truly said by many physicians that it is the most valuable remedy of the day. To the aged and infirm it has proved a great comfort, to the inebriate wishing to reform it will be invaluable, by gently stimulating and giving tone to the stomach, creating a healthy in place of a morbid appetite, and strength to overcome temptation. It has been used with the happiest effect in cases bordering on delirium tremens. This remedy has cured hundreds of cases of chronic affection of the stomach; it may be used at all times with the most perfect safety and success.

Every family and every railroad-train and steamboat should keep it on hand. No traveller should be without it: one dose may be the means of saving much suffering, and even life itself.

This Remedy, unlike all others of its kind, does not constipate the bowels. Those whose bowels are daily evacuated will find, although it may require two or three doses to effect a cure, that the subsequent evacuation will be perfectly natural: its effects are merely to allay pain and to cause the stomach to healthfully digest its food. The Proprietors boldly assert that it has been used by more than two hundred thousand persons, and never once has it constipated the bowels.

Owners of horses should never be without this Remedy. Should a horse be attacked with Colic, mix half the contents of a bottle with half a teacupful of molasses in a bottle, shake it well, and add a pint of hot water, mix it thoroughly and give it as a drench as warm as it can be taken; if the animal is not relieved in ten minutes the dose may be repeated. Two doses have never been known to fail in curing the worst attacks.

When a horse is overheated and perspiration ceases, or should he have had too much water or too much food and he is on the verge of being foundering. It has been used in hundreds of cases and always with success.

This Remedy has been used by the conductors on railroads between Washington and New York for several years past.

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This invaluable Salve has been successfully used in Rheumatic affections of the Breast. Spread the Salve on a piece of linen or cotton cloth and apply it to the Breast. In a very short time the pain and soreness will be removed.

In ague of the breast, where the milk has become caked and hard, if a plaster of this Salve be applied at once, it will remove all pain and hardness, overcome the soreness, cause the milk to flow without difficulty, and prevent the Breasts suppurating.

Should the Breasts have gathered and suppurated before this Salve could be obtained, a few applications as before directed will remove all inflammation and pain and cause them speedily to heal: in no instance has it been known to fail. Mothers should always be provided with it; one box of it would save much suffering, as in Ague of the breast one application is generally sufficient to remove all difficulty.

The Proprietors of BARNES' BREAST SALVE are so well convinced of its efficacy in preventing Breasts from suppurating, or curing them after suppurating, that they will return the money in any case where it fails to give relief.

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